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FAULKNER'S NEW NOVEL

New Republic

THE BRITISH PRESS ON "THE YANKS"

By Jean Rikhoff Hills

McCARTHY AND HITLER: A DELUSIVE PARALLEL

By Will Herberg

Puerto Rican Theater in Harlem

by Geoffrey Wagner

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T. R. B.

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Washington Wire

Two hard facts loomed large in the wind-up days of the Eighty-third Congress—the arrogance of Majority Leader Knowland of California, as he bullied the Senate into successive exhausting sessions, and President Eisenhower's abandonment of his pretense of aloofness about legislation.

The President, as recently as two months ago, adopted an attitude of studied withdrawal when asked at his news conferences about pending legislation. Well, he would say in about four times the necessary words, Secretary Dulles (or Wilson or Hobby) had made the recommendations to Congress, and now the job was up to Congress.

We got a "new" Eisenhower, suddenly, when the President intervened to tell a joint House-Senate conference committee exactly what he would like in the hotly-disputed farm bill. He wrote a letter to the senior Senate and House conferees saying he wanted them to kill the House proposal to raise butter support prices, that he wanted them to accept a Senate-passed amendment to regulate the leasing of Far Western publicly-owned grazing lands. There were three other points in dispute about which he revealed firm convictions.

We saw the "new" Eisenhower, again, when his aides went trooping to tell the House why he wouldn't—and couldn't—accept the Senate proposal to "outlaw" the Communist party. No longer did we witness any Presidential disavowal of responsibility for leadership. Mr. Eisenhower was throwing all his weight in the scales, demanding what he wanted regardless of the "co-ordinate" status of Congress, exactly as he began doing when he got Knowland to drive through the anti-TVA features of the Atomic Energy bill.

From this corner there is no criticism of the President for using his powers of leadership. The fear here has been that Ike would never learn his job, that he would abdicate his larger responsibilities from ignorance, and that other men would rush to fill the vacuum.

Mr. Eisenhower is still getting atrocious advice from at least some of his Cabinet officers and from the White House inner circle, including Sherman Adams and Special Counsel Bernard Shanley. It is nevertheless a matter of note that Mr. Eisenhower—or someone acting in his name and capable of getting signatures and firm decisions—is functioning at last as President.

The case of Bill Knowland is something else. Raw courage and absolute stubbornness are necessary attributes of a Senate floor leader when the chips are down; Knowland gives the impression of walking constantly with a chip on each shoulder.

The Senate is a curious body, with each member jealous of his prerogatives, unhappy under the lash of any whip. Knowland may well have lost more than he gained when he forced the chamber into almost literally continuous session on the atomic energy bill. But Knowland enraged so many people by his knockout tactics that Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson of Texas had no trouble lining up enough Democrats to smash the first conference report on atomic energy, with its total sell-out to private utilities.

The atmosphere was inflamed, infuriated, and exhausted when Sen. Humphrey (D, Minn.) offered a Communist "outlawry" proposal as a substitute for the Brownell anti-Communist bills —and then astonishingly accepted even the Brownell proposals as an amendment to his own substitute, and the whole thing was whooped through by a unanimous vote.

No one who had a direct part in this devious game has anything to be proud of, but the point is that the trick was made possible by adjournment pressure and by Knowland's genius for angering his colleagues. The result was that at the last moment Eisenhower had a ridiculous problem on his hands, with the White House insisting on the Brownell bills alone and Knowland demanding acceptance of Humphrey's plan as well.

Knowland, in any case, lost all his bets that he could push things through the Senate with sweetness and light, with everything ended by July 31. As of this writing, he was exactly 15 days behind schedule, and one suspects that he was not wholly innocent of blame.

Hardened observers were cheered, and perhaps a little bit inspired, when the President spoke so eloquently at his news conference of the United Nations and sharply rejected "preventive" war. (We don't have Gen. Mark Clark or Gen. James Van Fleet, at any rate, running our foreign policy.) Still, facts speak more loudly than words, and one cannot help thinking that the Dulles Southeast Asia "security" program is somewhat empty, lacking the support of India, Indonesia, and Burma. The program seems empty when the Senate firmly rejects a little $17 million appropriation for technical aid administered to underdeveloped countries through the UN.

Funniest event in recent weeks here is what James Reston, of the *New York Times,* called the sudden "surfacing" of the one-time Soviet intelligence agent, Yuri Rostvorov. Yuri was "surfaced" to some 200 reporters, in the State Department auditorium, after being held in the limbo of absolutely undiscussed subjects for months after he had blithely skipped to our side in Tokyo.

The Rostvorov incident was funny, in a macabre way, simply because the one-time Soviet spy was manifestly under wraps and really incapable of answering questions from 200 reporters and because our own officials tried to deny the plain counter-propaganda purpose they had in suddenly producing Rostvorov as a counter-move to the defection of West German Otto John to the East.

And here one must raise the issue of integrity on the part of our public officials. (Or of a capacity for self-deceit.) As good a reporter as Marquis W. Childs, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* was led by our officialdom in Germany to believe that John was a suicide when suddenly the man appeared in obviously complete possession of his senses, and obviously very much alive.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

"This Is Very Mid-Summer Madness"

BOWING before what seemed to be the prevailing winds, the Girl Scouts of America not long ago renamed their merit badge awarded for proficiency in such matters as US relations with the rest of the world: "One World" became "My World." Nevertheless the Illinois Department of the American Legion, in its August convention assembled, "roared" its approval of a resolution denouncing the Girl Scouts and withdrawing the Legion's support of the organization until it rid its Handbook and other publications of implications that "the United Nations and one-world citizenship" might take precedence over US citizenship. The same convention turned down a resolution suggesting that all Legionnaires study the Communist Manifesto after an opposing delegate explained that the Manifesto was "too difficult reading."

In Washington, the dogdays of August were celebrated by debate on Capitol Hill over an invasion of un-American trout. Seems that the miniscule American industry devoted to the raising of trout for the gourmet trade was beset with competition from such fish-wise nations as Norway. After more debate than it frequently permits on bills of major importance, the House agreed that un-American trout would have to be so labeled on menus. The Senate version, however, calls only for restaurants serving un-American trout to hang a sign on the wall so declaring.

The Senate then moved on to record an 85-to-nothing vote outlawing the Communist Party and subjecting its members to severe punishment. Surprisingly this was the brain-child of Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota who first enlisted the help of Wayne Morse of Oregon, then got that of the Democratic leadership. With that much support the Republicans had nothing to do but go along despite the displeasure of Attorney General Brownell and J. Edgar Hoover. Gleeful Democrats declared, optimistically, that in one fell swoop they had done away with the Republicans' "twenty years of treason" charges.

Next day doubts began rising. Democrats, who had voted for the measure partly as a gesture, realized that the bill contrary to earlier, cynical expectations might very well reach the floor of the House, which it promptly did. From Camp David, the Maryland retreat of President Eisenhower, came word that the President was unalterably opposed to the legislation. This story sent Republican politicians scurrying to telephones. Republicans could not be put in the light of opposing or scuttling the bill, White House aides were told, else Communism as the most effective Republican campaign issue would be out this Fall.

GOP opponents of the measure pointed out that the bill would play hob with anti-subversive legislation already on the books. The Smith Act, for instance, permits prosecution for mere conspiracy. The Senate's new bill would require an overt act for conviction. The present law requiring registration of Communist agencies would be useless. Who would register as a criminal? And there were the often-stated arguments of the FBI that outlawing the Communist party would drive members of the party underground and make them more difficult of apprehension. There was the further argument against the setting of a precedent by outlawing any specific group or class of Americans, a precedent which might be used against other groups at other times. But what good were arguments to Senators preoccupied with harvesting political hay? What Republican leaders, from Eisenhower on down, had to fear is the simple logic of the bill: if the Communist party is actually subversive and an agent of a foreign power, why not outlaw it and make its members criminals?

At Monday morning's White House legislative conference the President, the Attorney General and legislative leaders sought desperately to avoid the sharp points on the horns of their dilemma. Would they dare oppose the bill and permit Democrats to picture them as hypocritical in their opposition to Communism? Would they accept, for political reasons, a bill they believed to be bad? Or would they attempt to compromise with a version outlawing the Communist Party but removing the punishment for individual members?

The House by a 305 to 2 vote—Usher L. Burdick (R, N. D.) and Abraham J. Multer (D, N. Y.) dissenting—proved willing to vote for any anti-Communist measure, even one opposed by J. Edgar Hoover. The "record" is the thing, and Congress is in a hurry to get home and tell the people all about it.

ILLINOIS DEPT. AMERICAN LEGION
RESOLUTION CONDEMNING THE GIRL SCOUTS OF AMERICA
OUR HERO
HOW TO DETECT SUBVERSION AND INTRIGUE
HERBLOCK

Stand fast, men—they're armed with marshmallows.

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It's Not the Same Old South

WE HAD BEEN in Tennessee, at Highlander Folk School, attending the South's first interracial workshop on United Nations. Now we started the drive home to New York. Coming north with us was an Indian exchange student, in the United States to prepare himself for community leadership in his village in India, and a young Fisk University student. As a writer on the South, I had traveled this route many times before. My experience told me the combination in our car—my blond wife, a young Negro, a dark foreigner, and I—was bound to make trouble. In the days of only a few years ago, these difficulties would have been the story. But the South has changed.

Coming into Bristol, Tennessee, at the very southern border of Virginia, we drove into a gas station. I asked the young white gas station attendant if he could tell us a place which would house us for the night. Five years back that query would have created a commotion, almost certainly an insulting observation. Now, the young man quietly replied, "I never had any experience with that kind of thing so I don't know, but if I were in that spot I would drive over to the bus station. Those porters there ought to know the answer." That was sound advice courteously delivered. We followed it. The porter suggested a colored motel which was excellent.

Driving South, we had noticed a dearth of colored motels and we had wondered about it. Even this particular motel did not have the word "colored" on its neon sign. I asked the operator why he didn't have it. The young colored man said, "That sign cost $500. We just bought it and we don't want to waste our money. It won't be very long before segregated signs are all finished anway. That's why we've got 'colored' on that temporary sign below."

We drove on. At lunch time we were in Roanoke, Virginia. All four of us walked into Howard Johnson's and sat at the counter. It was Sunday afternoon, the place was jammed, but few eyes turned to follow us. We did, however, cause the hostess perturbation. She hurriedly, without saying anything to us, beat a retreat and returned with the manager. He came directly to our Negro companion and said to him, "I am very sorry that I have to say this to you. The state law in Virginia prohibits us from serving you. I am greatly embarrassed. If you will come into my office we will serve you there. It is air conditioned." He was obviously apologetic, he wanted to be helpful. I said that we did not want to be separated, but that we would all order sandwiches and carry them out. Immediately, he instructed the waitress to take our orders. We sat at the counter while ice water was brought to us. We sipped our water and occupied four seats for about the same time that would have been consumed in eating as we waited for our food to be packed.

Meanwhile a lady sitting at the side of my wife, turned to her to say, "I am very sorry that you are not being served here. Lots of us here believe it is wrong, we are working to change it as fast as we can. People who are good enough to fight for us are good enough to eat with us." This was the only expression that any of us heard from the guests in the restaurant and surely it was friendly. In times past the management would have concentrated on getting us out as fast as possible—and making it crystal clear that we had no business coming in and that we were not to return. Now the atmosphere was one of apology.

As we left, the little waitress—very white and very southern—said to me as I reached for the bags containing our food, "You all hurry back, and I mean all, and I hope you can eat." That's the changing South.

A. G. MEZERIK

An Arkansas Upset

ORVAL FAUBUS, a small town newspaper publisher from the Ozark mountain country and State Highway Commissioner during the term of former Gov. Sid McMath, has withstood a McCarthy-type strategy to defeat Gov. Francis Cherry in Arkansas' run-off primary. Cherry's administration had lost favor for neglecting to keep up rural roads built in McMath's term and for allowing utility companies to raise power rates. The Cherry strategy was to divert attention with a whispering campaign —"Did you know that Orval Faubus was a student at the Communist-controlled Commonwealth College?" (This little college, as it called itself, sustained a precarious existence at Mena, Arkansas, from the mid-'twenties until the early 'forties, when it was closed by a judicious mixture of legal and illegal action. Its student body and faculty were charged with advocating Communism and practicing free love, the latter charge attracting the more interest.) When the whispers became sufficiently loud to reach the ears of newspaper reporters, Faubus blew the lid from the *sotto voce* campaign and accused Cherry of attempting to impeach his loyalty. Cherry responded in a statewide broadcast. making it clear, by innuendo and as-

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sociation, that he had grave doubts about his opponent's 100 percent loyalty.

Faubus was a little confused in regard to the length of time he had spent on the Commonwealth campus, the time varying from two days to two weeks, but in all other respects he told a straightforward and plausible story. Anxious to attract Arkansas students, the college had offered him a scholarship. He went to the campus, but within a few days he discovered the college was not accredited, the atmosphere seemed strange and alien, and faculty and students were not "his kind of people." Without enrolling or attending any classes, he left.

During the last week of the two-week run-off campaign, the Cherry forces rang the changes on this new "issue." Radio, television, leaflets, newspaper advertisements, and wide-ranging, free-wheeling speakers told the horrendous story of Orval Faubus and Commonwealth College. Great emphasis was placed upon the "godless" character of Communism, the doctrine of violent revolution, and (in a lowered voice) "Communist immorality." So far as the law of libel rendered it prudent, it was intimated that Faubus once waded up to his neck in these iniquities.

Faubus struck back with documents and affidavits. Towards the end of the campaign, the governor began to crawl back to higher ground. The governor's outriders, however, continued to bay along the treason trail until the morning of the election.

When the election returns came in on the night of August 10, it became evident that the McCarthy-type smear hadn't worked in Arkansas. By a small majority of about 7,000 votes, Orval Faubus was nominated; and Francis Cherry became the first governor since 1926 to be defeated for a second term.

McMath, reportedly encouraged by the result, is said to be considering running against Sen. McClellan again in November—this time as an Independent.

Idaho's Hot Potato

FORMER Sen. Glen Taylor, Progressive Party nominee for Vice-President with Henry Wallace in 1948, was not the organization choice for the Democratic nomination to the Senate again. Both state and national leaders disliked the idea of carrying the weight of Taylor's third party adventure this year when things look good for the Democrats. Idaho Republicans are on the defensive: the state's many farmers are suffering from the $2 billion drop national farm income has taken; men are out of work in mines and smelters; business generally is not good.

It was no secret that Democratic National headquarters hoped either of Taylor's two opponents would win the primary. But now that it is officially to be Taylor vs. Republican Sen. Henry Dworshak in November, Democrats, state and national, are swinging around. For one reason, during the campaign Taylor confessed that the 1948 third party had been a mistake and pledged that he would campaign for the Democratic ticket regardless of who won. For another, many believe that the tireless house-to-house campaigning done by Taylor in the primary is right for 1954; and leaving other issues aside, it is agreed that the loyal personal following Taylor built up while in the Senate by his attention to individual requests will bring strength to the ticket.

Senator Dworshak's personal staff hastily left Washington for the front lines as soon as Taylor's nomination was certain. In recognition of home state unrest, the Senator had earlier crossed over to vote with the Democrats against the Republican tax bill and to recommit the Atomic Energy Bill, which public-power minded Idahoans fear because of its private power bias.

While You Weren't Looking

Two Iron Curtain Escapees Crashed the Gate

WHILE fleeing Hungary with her husband and child, Mrs. Geza Kapus had her left leg shattered by a grenade hurled by a Hungarian border guard. But she made good her escape to Austria; the leg was amputated, and finally the family reached New York on July 28. Photographers pictured Mrs. Kapus in a wheel chair, happily reunited with her daughter who had come earlier on a visitor's visa. In Washington, President Eisenhower greeted them warmly, the Senate gave them an ovation.

The acclaim was deserved; there now remains the embarrassing question of how many other Iron Curtain escapees have entered the US under the Refugee Relief Act passed one year ago this month and administered by State Department's Scott McLeod. The answer is *none*. The Kapuses are a lone symbol.

The law, which expires in less than two and a half years, provides for the admission of 214,000 non-quota aliens, of whom 35,000 may be escapees from the Soviet Union or its satellites and 45,000 ethnic German expellees from Communist countries. The remainder of those eligible for entry under this Act are, by and large, Italians, Greeks and Dutch who have relatives in the US, and of whom less than 2,500 have arrived, although about 7,000 visas have been issued.

The ironic fact is that the Iron Curtain escapees whom Congress intended to help have found it more difficult to get into the US than out of the hands of the Communists. There are two reasons: provisions in the Act itself, and its business-as-usual administration by Mr. McLeod. The Act sets up the almost impossible requirement that escapees obtain supporting affidavits from *individual* American citizens—not from church or welfare groups, as was the case under the old Displaced Persons Act. It also requires a full dossier on the escapees' activities *two years before they apply for visas,* some of which time was spent in Communist areas where Mr. McLeod's investigators can not check on the accuracy of information given. This requirement *can* be waived by the Secretaries of State and Defense (which actually means Administrator McLeod), as it was for the Kapus family. But in no other case has the waiver been given. And more than 25,350 escapees (as compared with 17,000 three months ago) are waiting in Western Europe.

Although it is too late for action by this Congress, Rep. Emanuel Celler (D, N. Y.) has introduced amendments which would liberalize the individual affidavit provision, and take the administration of the Act away from McLeod.

If none or few of the Kapuses fellow-escapees have broken through the US paper curtain by the next session of Congress, Rep. Celler's amendments may command more support than they do now.

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No Requiem for Vito Marcantonio

FROM 1934 to 1950—with one exception—Marcantonio represented the turbulent Congressional district on Manhattan Island known as East Harlem: an unrelieved slum. Marc's enemies did what they could to defeat him. The Republican State Committee disowned him as a Republican though he ran on that ticket; the American Labor Party State Committee likewise disowned him —before the left-wing took over—but to no avail. They enlarged and gerrymandered his district; they changed the state Election Law to keep Marc from running on all tickets simultaneously; they tagged him correctly as a "party-liner" in a district where a majority of the voters were devout Catholics. But Marc went to Congress seven times.

For Marc was a genius. In 1942, he was the candidate of the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, and the American Labor Party. In 1944, he repeated his performance. Marc had a following. Though in later years, Fiorello La Guardia often shook his head sadly at his errant son, Marc never hesitated to proclaim himself the Little Flower's heir apparent.

In one day, Marc could lead a left-wing demonstration of the jobless in the morning, and turn up as a leading speaker at a Fascist rally in the evening —as he did on February 16, 1936. And at the same time, Marc could enjoy a personal and political relationship with the underworld in a district of New York second to none in its peddlers of dope, flesh and numbers. Marc could head half a dozen Communist-fronts and then, when accused of following the line, reply, "I, Vito Marcantonio, am an American, a Catholic, and a Progressive." And to prove his point, Marc would solemnly march through the streets with the pious—barefoot, holding aloft a candle.

During Marc's first term in Congress, the Communists—still in an ultra-revolutionary mood—were anti-Roosevelt. Marc, coming from one of the most blighted areas in America, attacked FDR with the charge that "WPA is doing more to destroy the American standard of living than any group of reactionary industrialists in the United States." Three years later, when the Communists volte-faced to back FDR, Marc proclaimed his determination to "fight the reactionary movement to scuttle WPA."

In his first term in Washington, Marc pushed for absolute neutrality—then the Communist line—because he was "particularly interested in protecting American youth by keeping out of war." When he returned to Congress, he had a new line—as did the Communists—to interpret the Neutrality Act to allow arms to go to Loyalist Spain, because Hitler had to be stopped. Hitler had hardly allowed the ink to dry on his pact with Stalin, before Marc was back in his old "neutral" corner. In 1940, he saw World War II as a "rotten big-business war between a bunch of Nazis in Germany and a bunch of Nazis in England." But no sooner did Hitler invade Russia than Marc was calling for the immediate assignment of armed American forces against Hitler.

After 1944, Marc began to slip. In 1946 he ran as an ALPer-Democrat and got some 42,000 votes against his Republican-Liberal Party opponent Bryan who got some 35,000 votes. In 1948, Marc was re-elected *without* a *majority* of the vote. In 1950, the Republican, Democratic, and Liberal Parties coalesced on a candidate, James Donovon, and defeated Marcantonio with a margin of 13,000 votes.

Although no longer a Congressman, Marc still counted himself a factor in New York politics through his leadership of the American Labor Party, whose considerable bloc of votes Marc had long used to drive wily and hard bargains in New York. But even this instrument was rapidly disintegrating as the Communists, in 1953, moved toward liquidation of the ALP and operation within the two party system. Marc let out an angry, bitter blast at the Communist Party. It appeared that Marc and the CP had come to the parting of the ways. But the CP still had a use for him. He was still a popular figure in East Harlem among the Italian and Puerto Rican voters; he still had his personal political machine, the most effective personal machine in any one district in New York; he was still a rallying point, especially against the incumbent Congressman James Donovon whose conservatism was annoying more and more Democrats and Liberals. This year, Marc was to be the mass figure for the NY Communist who described him, a few days before his death, as the "outstanding anti-war, anti-monopoly, pro-labor" Congressman in recent history. Marc was to run on his very own Good Neighbor Party ticket.

His chances were negligible. The ALP candidate for Congress in 1952 polled some 7,000 votes against his opponent's 80,000. The total ALP vote in the city had fallen from a half million to some 50,000 in 1953. The conservative forces behind Donovon tried hard to force liberals into line behind the incumbent by reviving the Marcantonio danger. But as hope and threat, Marc was no longer the "little Napoleon of Harlem."

The man who died of heart attack on Monday, August 9, in the streets of his seething New York, was no longer the old master.

Although it was reported that the police found him in death with an iron crucifix in his pocket, Cardinal Spellman prevented any Catholic priest from officiating at the funeral on the ground that Marc had turned his back on the Church and had never repented. The Church allowed him no requiem, his comrades gave him no peace. A mass movement to have mourners deposit cards in the casket of Marc, each bearing a prayer, a picture of a saint, and the name of Vito Marcantonio was organized. Three thousand of these cards were printed and distributed by the undertaker. In death, Marc still had his role in the movement.

As his body lay in state, with Communists insisting to Catholics that he was entitled to requiem, thousands filed past his bier—weeping, praying, declaiming, breaking into hysterics, pointing out his body to children as a man to remember—paying a last tribute to a one-time great, to the "Honorable Fritto Misto,"—Mr. Mixed Grill—who had held his district with the hopes he inspired, with the terror he imposed, with the favors he fulfilled, with the deals he shuffled, with a modulated mixture of saintliness, Stalinism, and strong arm. It was only a little while past that Marc was the invincible champion but it seemed so long, long ago.

GUS TYLER

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Paris Dispatch The Critics of Mendes-France

THE SUCCESS of the Brussels conference this week-end depends largely on whether Pierre Mendès-France is able to get from the foreign ministers of the five other countries of Little Europe, and especially from Konrad Adenauer, their consent to adjustments of EDC sufficient to win the support of the treaty in the French National Assembly.

The chances that the West German Chancellor will agree to concessions have improved. Or rather recent events have weakened his personal position, and hence his ability to refuse to go at least as far as the French Premier in the direction of compromise. And in terms of internal French politics that is very far indeed. Mendès-France has chosen to take the biggest risk of his political career.

The events which should make Adenauer less demanding cover a broad range. They include the repercussions of the Otto John affair; the wave of labor troubles in West Germany, the first since the foundation of the Federal Republic; the toughening of the attitude of the important minorities in England as well as in France opposed to any form of West German rearmament until a "last chance" conference with Moscow has been tried; the parallel growth — stimulated by skillful Communist propaganda—of a demand for such a meeting.

Perhaps more important than any or all of these is the suggestion of a subtle change of attitude in Washington. The refusal of President Eisenhower to support US legislation to return German assets seized during the war is the first serious rebuff to Adenauer since he became the Administration's chosen instrument. The timing of this refusal and of the President's resounding rejection of any kind of liberation of Eastern Europe by means of preventive war, are interpreted over here as meaning that Mendès-France may be on the way toward becoming a strong competitor for Washington's favor.

On many occasions in the past both Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles have said—with an air of conviction—that the purpose of EDC is more than military. When Mendès-France took office, he said that though France could not afford to continue the ambiguity that was threatening the Western alliance, he couldn't on the other hand agree supinely to further continuation of the bitter and dangerous controversy on West Germany's role that was dividing the French people. If the supporters and the opponents of EDC in the Assembly couldn't get together in creating the "wide degree of national consent" which is "indispensable to any plan of European defense," he personally would accept his responsibilities.

That is precisely what he is doing. He goes to Brussels in a storm of criticism. It seems almost as though he had succeeded in creating a "wide degree" of national opposition to him, as strong as the support he carried with him to Geneva on his mission of peace in Indo-China. But it is noticeable that the greater violence of the attacks is on the side of the diehard opponents of the EDC. Moreover, the criticism comes from the press and members of parliament; and it is not at all sure that it is shared by the great bulk of the French people.

Although the precise nature of the modifications in EDC Mendès-France is proposing are not yet known, it seems clear he has chosen the "small protocols" as against the "big protocols." There will be no need for further legislative action on the part of the five other partners in EDC, and it is probable that the changes will go into effect *after* rather than before French ratification.

The most important concession to the Gaullist opponents (which has not won over such diehards as General Koenig) is a reduction in the supra-national aspects of EDC, particularly in regard to the voting procedure of the Committee of Ministers. The changes in EDC were worked out over a period of many weeks by a half dozen teams of parliamentarians and technicians. The battle of getting them through the Cabinet without wholesale resignations of the Gaullist ministers or other explosions took five days of constant meetings, rather than the five hours needed for the Tunisian proposal. It should be noted, however, that the opponents of EDC are better represented in Mendès-France's Cabinet than the supporters.

As far as can be learned this week-end, the Mendès-France proposals were presented to the members of the Cabinet in the form of a 30-page "additional protocol" divided into seven sections. The principal modifications in EDC were said to be along the following lines:

EDC will remain in force for an indeterminate period (instead of 50 years); and at the end of 20 years, any country can leave after an announcement of intention one year in advance;

France will have the right to leave EDC if (a) the Atlantic Pact comes to an end, (b) Germany is reunited; or (c) US and British troops leave Europe;

For a period of eight years the supra-national clauses of the treaty will not be applied—the Council of Ministers will have to act unanimously, thereby creating French veto power;

Integration will be limited to covering forces, that is, to the troops stationed within Germany; and there will be no German troops on French soil;

French traditions in regard to military ranks and promotions will be taken into consideration;

The administration of EDC will be decentralized;

Monetary and fiscal arrangements will be changed;

The Court of Justice will be reorganized;

The headquarters of EDC will be in Paris, at the seat of NATO.

In any event, the road to adoption in Paris lies through Brussels. And it is Adenauer who more than any other participant in the conference will—by his willingness or unwillingness to make concessions — decide whether France will work with West Germany in making a pattern of European defense for peace. The Brussels "confrontation" of Mendès-France with his West European opposites may also decide whether the brilliant and energetic French Premier is to stay in office.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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EDITORIAL

Why is US Prestige Declining?

TWO YEARS AGO in London, the editor of the Liberal *News Chronicle* spoke with deep concern to the editor of this journal about anti-Americanism in Britain, which he maintained was spread by the hard core of Communists. Today, the *News Chronicle* itself writes bitterly about the US. It is important that we understand why, not because the aim in life is to be liked by others, but because the rise of anti-Americanism helps the Russians isolate the US from its allies, and because were now being shot at by our friends. What is at the bottom of their anxiety?

First, the Eisenhower Administration's enchantment with the ability of business men to put all things right is highly suspect in democratic quarters abroad. Many of the world's social, political and economic problems are not susceptible to solution by administrators trained to produce a profit, nor is our private enterprise pattern comparable to or suitable for most of the world we wish to lead.

Second, when it took office in 1952, the Republican Party was handicapped by a twenty-year record of opposition to many of the international decisions identified with the Democratic Party. Not General Eisenhower (well-known hero that he was) but Adlai Stevenson was the choice of most non-Communist Europeans and Asians for President. It is not unfair to say that since coming to power the Republicans have done little to overcome the distrust they earned in opposition.

Third, McCarthyism is a national problem insofar as it is interpreted by our friends abroad as an *American* trend toward authoritarianism. As the head of McCarthy's party, the President should long ago have read the Senator out of his ranks. Eisenhower's hands-off policy has helped undermine American prestige.

Fourth, our allies are no longer sure where they are being led. Pronouncements from Washington are plentiful but Europe and Asia know that propaganda is no substitute for policy. We announced the free world could not "afford" the loss of Indo-China. But we knew that neither we nor our allies were willing to go to war to prevent the loss. It was a Western European Ambassador to Washington, who, when asked recently how he would compare this Administration's foreign policy with that of Mr. Truman, replied:

> As between an Administration that declares that it is going to defend an area if it is attacked and then doesn't, and an Administration that declares it is not going to defend an area if it is attacked and then does, I prefer the latter.

Fifth, the President and Mr. Dulles have acknowledged the importance of raising living standards abroad, thereby refuting the Communist view that the only way to a better life is Moscow's way. Yet, the Administration offers no program for mobilizing our enormous private and public wealth and technique in an *economic* counteroffensive to Moscow's propaganda offensive. Instead, the tariff on Swiss watches is raised; it is made more difficult for our friends to trade with us on advantageous terms. The President abandons even his inadequate "minimum" program for freer trade.

Sixth, the boycott of China is prolonged at American insistence, and with what results? Has Communist influence thereby been deflated? On the contrary, Red China's stock has not only skyrocketed lately, but much to the satisfaction of Moscow, it has done so despite America. It is our ally, trade-starved Japan, which is suffering most by our ignoring reality. Our allies know, if Congress (which in this case is making foreign policy) does not, that Communist China will not be wished or boycotted away, that co-existence on any terms cannot even be tested unless the avenues of communication are opened and kept open.

Seventh, the *Time-Life* assumption of American moral superiority in the world is unwarranted and galling. Americans have no more a monopoly on love of freedom than on A-bombs. Yet the belief is current that our partners in Europe and Asia are suffering a failure of nerve, a paralysis of principle; that only our power and resolution stand in the way of new Communist successes.

On that assumption no close co-operation can survive. When Churchill recommends talking with the enemy on the highest level, it does not mean he is "soft" or senile; because Mendès-France realizes the formidable opposition in France to the present EDC formula and suggests a new search for a workable compromise, it does not mean he is indifferent to the Communist danger; Nehru's irritating abstention from the US version of a Southeast Asian defense pact does not warrant the conclusion he is pro-Communist or blind to the security requirements of India—or Indonesia.

Policy cannot be based on bluff or illusions, nor on the unwillingness of leadership to inform the people for fear of reprisals at the polls in November. American prestige will continue to diminish until the Administration recognizes the real concerns of our allies and sets soberly to work to reconstruct the coalition on the basis of a flexible approach to realities which *now* exist.

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The British Press on "The Yanks"

by Jean Rikhoff Hills

NOT SO LONG ago I was sitting in a small shop near the Bronte parsonage in Haworth having tea with a young airman and his wife. There were perhaps a dozen people in the room that late Sunday afternoon, most of whom were thumbing through papers. Suddenly a large, black headline—70,000 ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN, and underneath, AIR FORCE and AMERICAN—caught my attention. Before I could turn away, the airman sitting next to me had seen the papers and winced. The other diners were quiet, watching for his reaction. There was an awkward and long pause, broken at last by a thick Yorkshire voice: "Bloody energetic, these Yanks, considering there's only 30,000 of them."

The Sunday paper that published the story has a circulation of several million; it makes a habit of running "shocking" stories one week—a sure circulation booster if they concern the misdemeanors of American troops in Britain—and dropping them the next, after the facts have been brought to light. For example, the story of the 70 thousand illegitimate children of United States airmen caused such a furor that there were impassioned questions about the problem on the floor of both the House of Commons and of Congress. Apparently, a majority of those responsible people accepted the figure at its face value, never once questioning its accuracy. During the week following the story, the *Daily Express* reported that "Figures given about the number of illegitimate children fathered by American servicemen in Britain are grossly exaggerated . . ." and quoted Mr. Anthony Nutting (Foreign Under-Secretary) as saying, in answer to questions in Parliament, that:

> The American Service authorities and the American Embassy here have received 1,200 inquiries—some of which may be duplicates—from unmarried mothers.

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The *American Daily,* which used to be called the *Air Force Daily* and which is distributed almost exclusively to Americans in England, reported that:

> The Air Force sleuths discovered the original 70,000 figure was given without source by Dr. Luise Rehling, a German Christian Democrat, in a speech in Germany on the problem of the unwed mother.

THE MAIN thing to remember in this instance is that a very small proportion of the original readers of that Sunday newspaper would be likely to see its refutation. Indeed, one wonders if the following reaction to Billy Graham's spring visit to England might not stem from that story published in March by the *Sunday Pictorial.* The *Evening Express* reported that Mr. E. J. Hill, General Secretary of the Boilermakers' Society, wrote in his union's monthly bulletin:

> Now Billy is over here he might pay a visit to Burtonwood and Warrington or perhaps some of the towns and villages of East Anglia, and when there he might persuade American troops to stop littering our countryside with illegitimate children and also advise them that children should be maintained by their father and not by their mother or by the Assistance Board.

Mr. Graham subsequently appeared at both places, and the *Manchester Guardian* dutifully reported one of his visits on May 12 under the headline MR. GRAHAM ON THE BEAM AT BURTONWOOD; EVANGELISM—WITH A 5% TURNOVER, part of which stated that:

> A host of cameras were poised as Mr. Graham stepped to the microphone. Not a good orator, some have said; but certainly pointed, and like a good boxer, knowing the most plainly vulnerable places. "You want more money, more glamour, more popularity? Well, Jesus says right here in the Bible you can have all that stuff and more. But if you lose your soul with it, none of it ain't worth a button. But you come back at me, 'Billy, you're crazy; how can a guy be a Christian in the Air Force?' But I'm

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telling you that you can. I'm just as red-blooded as any guy here but He's done it for me.

Some big guys think they're having themselves a good time, just lying and cheating and stealing and lusting. But believe me, the gang that are having the best time are the gang who know Jesus Christ. It ain't just a thing for sissies. It's for real he-blooded guys. Oh, yes, that's for you too."

The report is correct except for a minor mistake; Mr. Graham did not, I believe, carry his folksy approach as far as saying "ain't."

I HAVE devoted some space to these stories because they seem to me indicative of the kind of reporting about Americans found in a large proportion of British newspapers. The pattern is a familiar one: there is an initial case of misinformation or distortion of information, followed by reactions from outraged citizens (some more, some less, prominent than the General Secretary of the Boilermakers' Society), and somewhere along the line the facts of the story are lost, misplaced, or obscured. In some cases—the fortunate ones—some of the more responsible (and lower circulating) journals will either redress the wrong or treat it with proportion and humor. Sometimes misunderstandings are allowed to go so far that it is impossible to clear up the original misrepresentations.

> Certainly misrepresentations are likely to be created by the following headlines, under which innocuous, routine stories appeared: YANKS WITH ROLLS OF MONEY, BAN ON G.I. BOY FRIENDS, AN EGG IN ENGLAND IS BETTER THAN US LUXURIES, US AIRMEN IN BRITAIN SHOCK AMERICAN GIRL, BRUSH-OFF FOR A GI BRIDE (TO BE), THE 'MILLIONAIRE' WAS A GI OUT FOR A GOOD TIME. And while none of these go as far as the *Daily Worker's* classic US CONQUERORS NOT WANTED IN EAST ANGLIA, all of them reflect a tendency to misrepresent.

Frequently the newspapers decide that it is time for a reappraisal of Anglo-American feelings. An interesting example of one paper's approach to a fair evaluation of the GI in Britain is the following extract from the *Daily Herald*:

> In Ayr, Scotland, a vice inquiry is to be held because cases revealed that Americans have been going to brothels with girls of fifteen.
>
> An American from Burtonwood base, Lancs, was accused of stripping and raping a girl in a train.
>
> In Hunstanton, Norfolk, a man was jailed for using a private hotel for immoral purposes. Police saw 15 Americans and seven girls enter the hotel in one evening.
>
> Oxford's illegitimacy rate was given recently as one baby in twelve—twice the national average. And two out of five of the illegitimate children were said to have American fathers.

This list goes on and on. It is followed by several paragraphs listing contributions Americans in England have made: adopting orphans, maintaining hospitals and old people's homes, distributing food to the needy, making toys for crippled children. The article ends by asking:

> Which is the true story—the story of rape, brothels and crime or the story of the sentimental, open-handed and kindly American boys who do so much for the old folk and children?
>
> Both stories are true. And both give a false picture of the GI in Britain.

They do indeed, and the pertinent question arises, "Why does the *Daily Herald* choose to print stories that give such false pictures of Americans?"

PART of the answer to this is, of course, that stories of crime, reports of antagonisms between the two peoples, coverage of the sensational, are saleable commodities. The *Daily Herald's* first concern—like that of any other newspaper—is to sell its papers; it will print headlines that attract the reader, even if the facts of the story have to be distended, and it will print stories that arouse the reader's curiosity, even if those stories are not actually representative of Americans living in England.

Although reporting must be designed to sell newspapers and appeal to large segments of the population, some of the material seems strangely selected. In the "American Column" that appears daily in the *Daily Express*, the emphasis is on the odd pieces of news, insignificant happenings, human interest anecdotes. Three typical examples of the kind of material run under *American news* are these items, one from the *Daily Express* of April 15, which stated:

> Householder, age 71, in Houston, Texas—where men feel strongly about property rights—is accused of shooting a Health Inspector and wounding two others.
>
> They were posting a notice on his house.

and two others from the May 17 edition of the *Express* which reported:

> Actress Dale Evans, wife of cowboy star Roy Rogers, is laid up with an ear infection. She caught it, says her doctor, on her recent visit to Britain. One of its effects is that it prevents her keeping her balance.

and

> Threats to kill the wife and baby of heavy-weight champion Rocky Marciano unless he agrees to throw his title fight with Ezzard Charles on June 17, were at first thought to be merely the work of cranks. Not any more.
>
> While he trains at Grossingers, outside New York, pretty 23-year-old wife Barbara and daughter Mary Anne are hiding out on a lonely estate near Pickering, Ontario. And Mrs. Marciano is carrying a gun.

Such reporting is, one supposes, inevitable, but it is

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also tragic, for *Express* readers must—even if they unconsciously discount for newsworthiness some of the items they read—begin to think of the US as a nation of millionaires, film stars, freaks, gangsters, and eccentrics.

One of the largest sources of criticism of America centers about the GI in Britain, either in reports of the sensational percentage of crimes committed or in articles which show the GI up to disadvantage. The press tends to distort the news, in some cases actually to suppress the real facts, in some deliberately to manufacture others to take their place. The result on both Britons and Americans, particularly American troops stationed in England, is unfortunate. The GI in Britain feels

A recent Gallup poll, asking the question "Do you approve of the role the United States is now playing in world affairs?" showed the following opinions:

disapproval.....40 percent
approval.....37 percent
undecided.....23 percent

The poll, in spite of its undefined question, certainly reflects Britain's growing disenchantment with American leadership.

that the papers (and hence, for a large proportion of them, the British themselves) are ungrateful for their "sacrifices" and contemptuous of their society and country. On the other hand, the constant exposure of the Briton to such information—combined with the effect of limited personal contact with the servicemen and with the hearsay that filters back from those who live near airbases and resent the problems that massive concentrations of troops naturally involve—is certain to give him an unpleasant picture of the American living in Britain, and, by extension, of all Americans. Neither of these is likely to promote understanding, let alone liking, between the two peoples.

Beside criticisms of the GI stationed in Britain, the newspapers echo the fear and distrust of the current mood in America and the dismay and alarm with what Britons consider an unrealistic and unsatisfactory foreign policy—a mood and a policy to which she often finds herself committed.

Perhaps no other single factor has so damaged American prestige abroad as the rise of McCarthyism and all that it signifies to Europeans: bigotry, intolerance, persecution, unnatural power, government by irresponsible pressures—a trend that has for them distressing parallels to the rise of Fascism in Germany and Italy in the 1930's. But the British often see McCarthy's machinations in the most ordinary events. For instance—and here the issues between the GI in Britain and the distrust of American methods of enforcing her present security regulations are closely related—there was a resounding cry of protest when the United States Air Force wanted to run a security check of British employees at Burtonwood Air Force Base. The *Daily Sketch* saw in this rather understandable military measure indications that the US was trying to force its policy of McCarthy-like investigations on the U.K. NO PLACE IN BRITAIN FOR FBI SECURITY METHODS ran the headline, and the *Sketch* quoted Mr. T. H. Wells of the Customs and Excise, Port of London, as asking his conference to express

> . . . in no uncertain terms, our profound disgust at the treatment meted out by a foreign power.
>
> We are not yet an occupied country; we are not a subjugated people, and will not be treated as such by Americans or anyone else. There is no place in Britain for the FBI. We don't want them here and we don't want their methods . . . the long arm of Senator McCarthy is stretching out across the Atlantic and we must say with one voice from this conference, "We don't want your finger-printing, we don't want your photographing. Keep your hands off the British Civil Service."

It is certainly not the attack on Senator McCarthy that is to be criticized—one often feels that any attack on him deserves applause—rather it is the illogical, and highly emotional, charges that arise from a (to some extent) understandable security measure. One can be reasonably certain that Britain does not wish her subjects to be disloyal; it is only that she would prefer to test their loyalty herself. No doubt such arrangements could amicably be worked out, without heavy-handed charges being played up by the press.

DISTRUST of America's objectives can lead to frenetic efforts on the part of the press to make its own (and presumably the British public's) desires understood. Thus, the *Daily Mirror,* on December 3, wrote in an editorial:

> Tomorrow, Churchill, 79, meets Eisenhower, 63, in Bermuda. It is their first official get-together as Prime Minister and President. They have lots to discuss.
>
> Can Churchill impress the American President with what the British people think of how world events are being shaped?
>
> We know we are charting the future in an American aeroplane. But the pilot has us worried. If he keeps to the course most Americans seem to advise there won't be any future. He'll head straight to Kingdom come—carrying us, the passengers, with him. There are no parachutes. Nobody can bail out.
>
> We must talk turkey to the pilot while he is still at the controls. This isn't just niggling. Much American policy dismays us. Ike, for the love of Mike, we mean this. Your buddies, Chiang and Rhee, scare the daylights out of us. McCarthy and his boyos [*sic*] turn our stomachs.
>
> We say—recognize Red China. Give the Far East a New Look. Let's have Four-Power talks to get the measure of Malenkov. Don't sabotage them again.

Now any intelligent reader will immediately recognize

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in each of the points mentioned in this editorial—the difference of opinion about Red China, the distress at the diplomats' inability to meet and talk over their mutual differences, the fear of McCarthy's methods and power, the uneasiness about the Far East—problems that need an adequate and unemotional airing on both sides of the Atlantic. But this is hardly an unemotional beginning, and it is hardly calculated, with its high voltage prose and its deliberate attempt to foist all past disappointments on America, to sway official opinion toward a new, serious examination of the problems it seems so worried about.

Thus, part of the increase of impatience with America in the British press is an outgrowth of the impatience which arises from Britain's own uneasiness about the world in which she shares responsibility. If it is *now* an American aeroplane and an American pilot who carry the (free) world toward "destruction," is not all the blame American? Uneasy doubts, disturbed philosophies, disappointment with the post-war era, can find a scapegoat in American leadership. Certainly there is no question that there have been serious errors of judgment, frequent examples of inadequate leadership, alarming instances of misguided allegiances, in America. Differences of opinion, open criticisms, recognition of schisms between allies ought to be discussed, and openly. To suggest that agreement in everything is the price of solidarity is to preclude progress.

WHILE differences must be exposed, criticisms should not be illogical, unfair, petty. A just appraisal of mutual aims, a tolerant appreciation of human and national failings, a recognition that democracies (by their very nature) blunder—and not always wisely—are also legitimate expectations between allies. Recently the British newspapers have been giving more and more evidence of their unwillingness to offer these manifestations of faith.

It is natural that dissatisfaction with American foreign policy should at the same time lead to increased regret at the passing of British authority. The average Briton feels that the length of his experience in dealing with world affairs entitles him to the role of superannuated adviser to the young monarch, much as Melbourne counselled the young Victoria. But US diplomats, in their turn, are demonstrating an increasing irritation with elderly council, friendly or otherwise. Less tactful members of the government are more pointed: "We'll go it alone!" "To hell with them if they don't like it!" "Let them look after themselves—for a change!"

I have tried to show by a random sampling of stories from various newspapers the alarming tendencies that have developed in the British press' reporting of America. There are, also, sins of omission as well as sins of commission; for the scarcity of factual, objective reports of US news can itself color the average Briton's conception of America. Obviously, the Briton is going to have a distorted picture of American life if he only reads such news as the specimens presented above and the long reports of Hollywood capers that are an inherent part of all "news" from America. Unfortunately, the majority of British newspapers rely almost exclusively on this kind of coverage. The result, as can be imagined, does not contribute much to Anglo-American understanding.

There is one further disturbing tendency to chronicle in the development of impatience with America. At the same time that there has been a disparagement of things American, there has also been an exaggerated extolling of things British. In a sense this is a reassertion of British spirit, an understandable desire to build up British morale during the difficult times of austerity. The press could remind Britons that, if life seemed sometimes gray and static, the sacrifices were directed for *something*: the reconstruction of British prestige and preference. With the empire going, the establishment of British domination has to take a new direction: in the field of technology (particularly in jet aircraft), in the arena of sports, in the production of arts.

But gradually these assertions of accomplishment took on a negative chauvinism and, when this was added to the evidence of American post-war prosperity, a taint of bitterness. TO THE US THE VICTORY, TO US THE GLORY; AMERICANS TAKE A BOW, BUT BRITAINS STEAL THE SHOW; GI'S PREFER BRITISH GIRLS AS HOUSEWIVES; BRITAIN DRAWS THE LINE—THIS BRITISH COMEBACK FLABBERGASTS AMERICA; US HAS NOTHING TO GIVE IN RETURN, SO—BRITAIN REFUSES TO SHARE HER WORLD LEAD IN DELTA JET SECRETS WITH AMERICA; BRITAIN WARNS AMERICA "YOU MAY HAVE TO 'GO IT ALONE' " the headlines blared.

CONTINUAL newspaper preachings of the superiority of Britain, the inferiority of America, have cheapened the Briton's feeling for his own country as much as they have embittered his feelings about America. Constantly reading stories which emphasize American failure in leadership and technology, American irresponsibility and irresolution, the misbehavior of a small percentage of GI's and the eccentricities of life in the US, the Briton cannot be blamed if he begins to develop a distaste for anything American.

What can be done?

Frankly, very little. In the last analysis, the problem is the old one of a responsible free press versus a free press. With all freedom there is bound to be some license, for the duties of discipline become voluntary. The British Press, recognizing this, set up the Press Council as an organ for rebuking irresponsible journalism and as an agency for promoting better reportage among its members. Unhappily, nothing significant has been accomplished by the Press Council in the field in which we are concerned.

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McCarthy and Hitler: A Delusive Parallel

by Will Herberg

SENATOR Ralph E. Flanders' denunciation of Senator McCarthy early in June, and again the address accompanying his motion of censure five weeks later, gave explicit expression to a theme that had been running through liberal polemics against "McCarthyism" for some time and had begun to acquire the status of an article of faith in most liberal circles. In both of these statements, Mr. Flanders likened McCarthy to Hitler and professed to find in McCarthyism a resurgence of the characteristic features of Nazism. The junior Senator from Vermont based what he called the "parallelism with Hitler" on the charge that like Hitler, McCarthy has "exploited the issue of Communism," has stirred up trouble for Jews, Catholics, and Protestants, has set up his "private police force and spy system," and has received "his financial support from wealthy businessmen." "Each of these features [of Hitlerism]," Mr. Flanders contended, "finds its parallel, though it must be admitted to a weaker degree, in the career of the junior Senator from Wisconsin." For good measure, the Vermonter added a reference to McCarthy's part in the Baldwin investigation of the Malmedy massacre and clinched his case by noting that many of the letters he received denouncing him and supporting McCarthy were "fanatically anti-Semitic in content." He generously admitted that perhaps McCarthy wasn't actually copying Hitler; perhaps "he [was] just naturally going that way."

Not long after Senator Flanders had broached the subject in his June address, Marquis Childs devoted one of his columns to a schematic presentation of the parallel. In the manner of columnists, he did not speak directly in his own name, but in the name of certain anonymous "Europeans," whom Mr. Childs pictured as deeply disturbed at the course of events in America. These Europeans, Mr. Childs reported, were asking "if America was going Fascist." Proceeding to answer his own question, one of these disturbed Europeans, who, we are told, had been reading Wheeler-Bennett's *The Nemesis of Power,* outlined to Mr. Childs the "important parallels" between Hitler and McCarthy. Curiously, this anonymous European mentioned none of Mr. Flanders' points, but added four of his own: (1) the "struggle for the loyalty of the armed services," (2) the "stab-in-the-back myth," (3) the "breakdown of legal and constitutional procedures," and (4) "a deep and disturbing suspicion of psychopathic forces at work behind the political façade." By this time the picture was complete: McCarthy was a Hitler *redivivus;* McCarthyism was an American version of Nazism in incipient form; the United States was going Fascist! Many American liberals, who had been thinking very much the same thing all along, eagerly took up the refrain, and the analogy between Hitler and McCarthy, between Nazism and McCarthyism, soon became almost official liberal doctrine, to be repeated in the halls of Congress, in the columns of respectable journals and newspapers, and in the discussions of McCarthyism that seem to have become obsessive with liberals in this country and abroad.

And yet it is surely obvious how flimsy this parallel between Hitler and McCarthy really is and how utterly irresponsible is the line of argument leading to it. If "exploiting" the issue of Communism makes one a Hitler because "Hitler exploited the issue of Communism and on it rode to power," then McCarthy is not the only "Hitler" in American politics and the Communists are right in maintaining that anti-Communism is equivalent to Fascism.

Even more ludicrous is the indictment of McCarthy as a Hitler because he has received financial support from wealthy businessmen; where does Mr. Flanders think the leading candidates of his party get their financial support? McCarthy, as far as I know, does not yet possess a private army or police force, as did Hitler on

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his way to power, and his "spy system" (his contacts in the various government agencies) is something not altogether new in American political history.

But what shall we say of Mr. Flanders' allegation that, like Hitler, McCarthy is stirring up anti-Semitism along with other racial and religious hatreds? If one thing is clear in this whole murky business of McCarthy and McCarthyism, it is that Joe McCarthy has never shown the least inclination to racial or religious discrimination, let alone anti-Semitism. Senator Flanders ought to be particularly careful in such matters, for was it not Senator Flanders himself who introduced the so-called "Flanders Amendment" to the Constitution calling for the acknowledgement by the nation of "the authority and law of Jesus Christ, Saviour and Ruler of Nations . . ."? And is not this amendment precisely what a number of anti-Semitic "Christian Front" organizations have been agitating for these many years? What would Mr. Flanders say if the tactics he employs against McCarthy were turned against himself? Anti-Semitism, and charges of anti-Semitism, are dangerous things to play around with.

Nor is the indictment drawn up by Mr. Childs' "European" any more impressive. "Legal and constitutional procedures" have not broken down in the United States, McCarthy notwithstanding. The nasty insinuations about "psychopathic forces" should be brought out in the open or not made at all; is not resort to insinuation and innuendo something McCarthy is constantly being accused of? Insofar as McCarthy employs the "stab-in-the-back myth" by blaming the disasters of recent years exclusively on "treason" in high places, he is merely following the example of eminently respectable statesmen; did not Senator Flanders himself declare, after his first blast at McCarthy, that all would be forgiven if only Joe stopped attacking the Republican Administration and reverted to his "twenty years of treason" theme? As for the allegation that there is going on in this country a "struggle for the loyalty of the armed forces" of the kind that disrupted pre-Hitler Germany, it is too fantastic to require refutation.

The fact is that the entire enterprise of trying to turn McCarthy into another Hitler and McCarthyism into an American brand of Fascism is not only utterly false in terms of American reality; it is, as *The Commonweal* at the time pointed out in rebuking Senator Flanders, a venture into "McCarthyism against McCarthy." That's what it is even though those who indulge in it proclaim themselves to be the most uncompromising foes of the junior Senator from Wisconsin.

But the crucial question remains: What is this McCarthy who has so distracted the American people, bedeviled the liberals, and driven even his opponents to resort to devices known by his name? In some way, he does indeed seem to recall the totalitarian demagogue fighting for power; and yet he and what he stands for appear to me to represent something essentially different from the totalitarian movements that have become so characteristic of the political life of our time.

Like Lenin, Hitler, Mussolini or Huey Long, this Joe McCarthy is a demagogue. His one aim is to arouse masses, to stir them up, to dominate them, to incite them to action outside of and against the established channels of constitutional government. To do so, he naturally employs many of the familiar devices of the demagogue, and a few of his own invention. That is what induces so many people to think of him as in the line of Hitler and Huey Long.

But the totalitarian demagogue is not just a demagogue; he is a rabble-rouser all right, and usually adept in all the arts of rabble-rousing; but he also stands for something, for something positive—an idea, a cause, a program, which becomes the spearhead of his mass appeal. Lenin stood for "socialism" (which in 1917 he translated into "peace, land, and bread"); Hitler stirred millions of lost, disoriented souls with his vision of genuine "folk community"; Huey Long worked his rabble-rousing magic through the power of his "Share-the-Wealth" idea. Operating in this way, the totalitarian demagogue is able to rouse the masses and build a movement, an organization, a party, by providing expression for the numberless fears, hatreds, aggressions and frustrations that beset a society in crisis; but these dark and obscure passions he is also able to focus on his positive program, transforming them into something very like idealism. The totalitarian gospel is a demonic perversion and corruption of the ideals it embodies, but the ideals are there. "It was their ideals, as well as their unconscious aggressions, that were betraying them," David Riesman points out with reference to the Nazi youth during the rise of the Hitler movement.

The totalitarian demagogue operates with something positive, with some idea or cause, which he himself believes in, yet perverts and exploits for his purposes. The totalitarian demagogue is concerned with building a movement and organization, with arousing and rallying masses against the existing order. The power with which he operates is fundamentally the power of the positive idea he stands for.

Joe McCarthy is obviously something very different. He operates with no positive idea; he stands *for* no cause, no program. He rallies his support by exploiting the country's fears, anxieties, and frustrations, and the incredible blunders of the men in power. He is *against* Communism and fights it in a way that has won him the allegiance of many who are deeply disturbed over the Communist peril, as well as of many others for whom "Communism" is actually the surrogate of inner threatening forces on the unconscious level. But he is not *for* anything, not even for the familiar brand of "one hundred percent Americanism": his harangues include practically nothing but diatribes against Communism and

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against those whom he accuses of protecting or "coddling" Communism. McCarthyism is thus the very apotheosis of negativity: it is a conglomeration of oppositions and resentments clinging around a vacuum.

NOR is Joe McCarthy out to build a movement or organization. Observers have been puzzled by his apparent neglect of these essentials. He has no machine, no party, no press, no agitators, no organization-builders, and he doesn't seem to want any. He operates with himself alone, and while he has many friends and volunteer assistants, he has properly no associates or subordinates (except the staff of his investigating committee, which is a governmental agency). If McCarthyism stands for any kind of "ism," it is certainly an "ism" that is neither idea, movement, nor organization.

For the truth is, Joe McCarthy is a free-swinging soldier of fortune who has hit upon a good thing, anti-Communism. He is *against* Communism and *for*—Joe McCarthy. He is, in a way, a genius at it, but he has neither the talent nor the interest for the kind of thing the building of a totalitarian mass movement requires. He exploits and utilizes many of the sinister forces that go into the making of totalitarianism, but he does not seem to be interested in organizing them into a cohesive political force. He addresses vast crowds, gets enthusiastic ovations, but leaves his people as he found them, all for McCarthy and against Communism, but not involved in any movement or organization, and certainly not stirred up to insurgency and disaffection, as Fascist or Communist mobs are. It is not in the nature of McCarthyism, nor in the purpose of Joe McCarthy, to desire or encourage such things.

There are liberals who tell us that Joe McCarthy is their notion of the devil in politics. But they forget that the devil is a fallen angel, that the demonic is the perversion and corruption of something positive, something creative, and acquires its demonic power from that fact. Despite all appearances, Joe McCarthy does not possess this demonic power because, as I have pointed out, there is nothing but emptiness at the heart of McCarthyism, no idea, no cause, no program, nothing. This basic fact makes McCarthyism in the long run far less dangerous than it would be were it genuinely an "idea" movement. I do not mean to suggest that Joe McCarthy is through, but one must be blind to recent events not to recognize that he is by no means the invincible, all-devouring Juggernaut liberals have pictured him as being. He has his difficulties and limitations of a kind a genuine Hitler or Lenin, or even a Huey Long, would never be confronted with. Imagine Huey Long vulnerable to a Senate vote of censure, or a Hitler or Stalin dependent on a place in Congress!

The fact of the matter is, as Frederick Woltman has pointed out, that Joe McCarthy is to a large extent the "creature of his enemies." They—the former and present Administrations, the liberals, the intellectuals, the

respectable people generally—have helped greatly to endow him with the power and prestige he enjoys today. From the very beginning, each of these groups, for its own reasons, has acted as if driven by some inner compulsion to build up McCarthy and McCarthyism as a force in the land. Automatically, they have rushed to the defense of everyone Joe McCarthy has attacked, apparently on the principle that if Joe McCarthy attacks anyone he must be innocent; and in case after case, they have had to backtrack most ingloriously, discrediting themselves and leaving the field to their hated enemy.

They coined the word "McCarthyism" and began to employ it as a self-exculpating, self-justifying projective device. Before long, they were seeing everything in terms of an Omnipotent Joe, the ubiquitous devil, credited with responsibility for every atrocity, real or imagined, at home and abroad. But most absurd and self-defeating has been the way the press, the anti-McCarthyite section in particular, has made Joe McCarthy into the best known American, next to President Eisenhower, throughout the world. It's got so that if Joe McCarthy is *not* present somewhere, or is *not* denounced on some occasion, that fact too is proclaimed in the press under appropriate headlines and captions! It would be interesting to inquire just what it is that has made anti-McCarthyites act in this strangely compulsive manner, as though hypnotized by the evil genius from Wisconsin.

IT IS about time someone challenged the McCarthy myth. Joe McCarthy is not the superman of the anti-McCarthyite imagination; he is not the Hitler of American Fascism, he is not a sinister fanatic plotting a totalitarian revolution. He is just a political swashbuckler from Wisconsin who—almost accidently—struck it rich and is determined to exploit his strike to the utmost. Those who prize American freedom and sanity in politics ought to be able to see him for what he is and deal with him in a way that such demagogues can be dealt with—by cutting them down to size, by taking away whatever legitimate issues they may be exploiting through coping more effectively with the evils out of which these issues arise, and by exposing the utter nothingness that lies at the heart of the big noise they make. The first step in ending McCarthyism is to understand just who and what Joe McCarthy really is.

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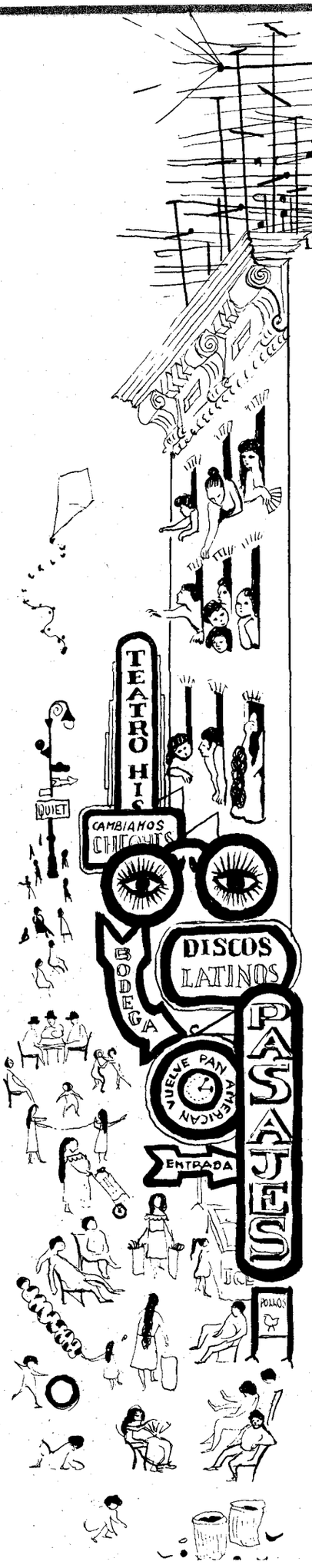
BOOKS & COMMENT



Puerto Rico in Harlem

by Geoffrey Wagner

THE BILLBOARDS in our neighborhood read:

HOY EN PERSONA J DE N
VIDA PASION Y MUERTE DE
RODRIGUEZ Y SU TRIO
LA DE DINAMARCA

My wife and I studied this. Possibly there was some mistake. But no, on passing the theater itself ten minutes later, a few apologetic fragments of neon reaffirmed the message:

2 NITE J SUS D NAZ R TH

We resolved to find out more.

Now it must be admitted that ours is a colorful area of the borough of Manhattan, one of which we are, I think, excusably proud. To turn Park Avenue into a Puerto Rican plaza within a couple of years is no mean feat, and I don't imagine there are many cities boasting a Juanita's Dime Store next to a *Luz Justicia y Verdad, Inc.* Opposite our apartment, in fact, the surrealist character of the neighborhood is at once evident: a *Groceria de la pobres* adjoins a Chinese laundry, then comes Tropical Fish Canaries, a stockroom for funeral caskets, a defeated-looking delicatessen, and finally a strange, unidentifiable store where bottles of Bay Rum and cans of Fast-Luck Incense (a pin-up writing on the wrapper) are set out in the window under flagrant tinsel. Over this last shop is inscribed—surely redundantly—WE DO REPAIRS.

To reach our local Spanish theater is itself an experience. On the night we decided to see J de N, for instance, my wife and I went up one of my favorite Harlem side-streets which takes you past a magnificent series of pious murals, painted in 5-D on white planking. This is the Centro San Manuel, a religious meeting-place. Immediately above it is a large window on which has been painted a dental plate, perhaps four feet wide. Over the whole, in letters of blood:

BRAZILIAN ENTERPRISES
DENTAL LABORATORY
1 HR SERVICE

I have a soft spot in my heart for Brazilian Enterprises, even though they haven't as yet adopted the ubiquitous Inc., for it is around here, and around the establishment of a desperado of a barber nearby, that my painter spouse discovers some of her most winning models, among the most beautiful children in the world. And it is in this area, too, that I have learnt many a stern lesson. For in company with a priest, I once visited here a Puerto Rican "home" consisting of a single room nine by nine, a TV set the only furniture it had, besides the bed, a communal affair. The antennae were being put to use by the good wife as a washing line. On another occasion the padre and myself found an installment-plan refrigerator being employed as a clothes closet.

SO, having left Brazilian Enterprises to our right, having avoided the various "gypsy" shops (constantly being "moved on" by the police), having passed Park Avenue Auto Service Inc. (*Trabajo de Collision*), we drew near to the theater. Across the street a jukebox parlor (El Candy Store) brayed away, a handful of Be-Bop Debs and Shangri-la Debs slapping and being slapped by lavishly side-burned lotharios. A sign said "Can 4-legged Girl's Marriage Succeed?" (*Amsterdam News*) and Miss Rheingold grinned her grin. I bought our tickets—$1.50 each—and the manager, clad in powder-blue zoot-suit, in a dun fedora, with a banded cigar, "the tie that blinds," and wearing heavy crepe-soled shoes of per-

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forated suede (I noted later that he had omitted to put on socks), tore them in twain. We went on in.

Just inside the door I was drawn up sharply by the life-size effigy of a girl in the grip of a gorilla. She was clearly a shop-window dummy, partially disrobed, with something particularly loathsome either exuding from, or being torn out of, her tummy. I turned away, but my wife remained curious. I could hear her asking the attendant in an insistent tone what it was all in aid of.

THE THEATER was packed. A movie cartoon, the type with plenty of what those in the trade call "hurt gags," was keeping the audience in stitches, and we found a couple of seats in separate rows. Stereophonic sound and the new-new miracle screen were doing their stuff, and this was one occasion when I objected not at all to missing the heads and feet of the characters concerned. Towards the end of the short, lights went on behind the screen and electricians and prop-men could be seen having various difficulties.

But all was straightened out satisfactorily, the screen faded, the curtains went up on a colossal diamanté piano, across which the pianist rose to make occasional infuriated gestures at the rest of the orchestra, three clarinets, a trombone and a mambo drum. The backdrop showed what seemed to be some mosqued city, probably Baghdad — though my wife took it to be that exotic locale around Big Ben. The music was pleasantly lively and after twenty minutes of it everyone started clapping. I joined in. A tenor appeared and sang *Amor, Amor* and *Anna* (*Tengo gana de bailar*) which were interrupted throughout by absolutely frenzied clapping and cheering. When he went into *Te quiero mucho/Tanto que entonces* he could scarcely be heard, despite the super-stereophonic mike that left me with ringing in my ears for days.

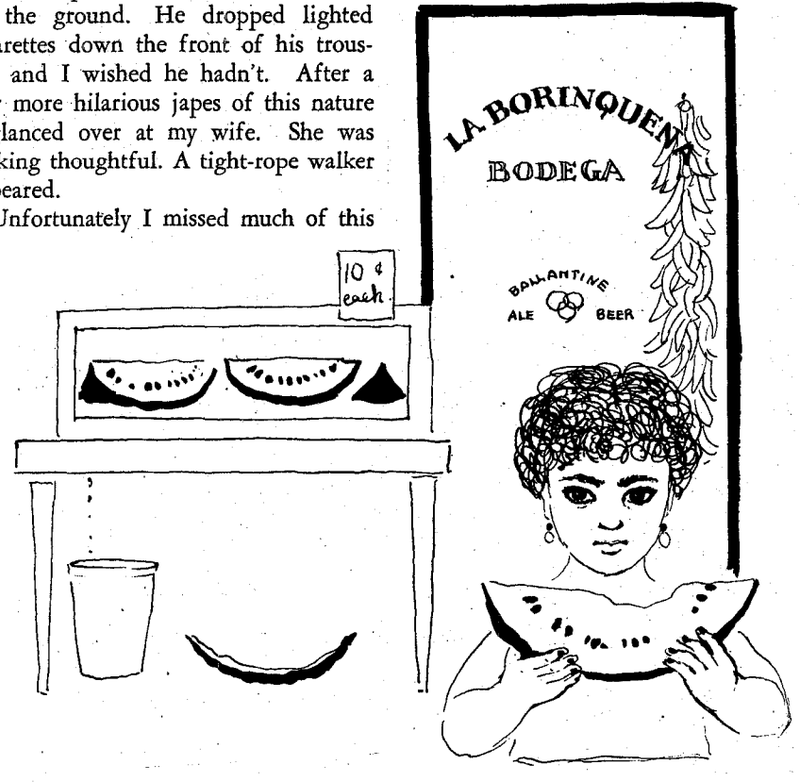
The tenor was followed by the m.c., Willie Chevalier, a likeable young man who speaks Spanish the way I can understand it. He announced a dancer straight from the Yucatàn. She was a hefty girl in rather a charming costume, presumably a folk dress. She was succeeded ("if the police will permit it") by an oriental dancer in veils—*Venga la mano, muchachos!* (Give her a hand, boys). This turned out to be the same girl, sans folk outfit, and if she'd looked hefty from the Yucatàn, she was positively mean in veils.

Three singers then turned up from Cuba. They grew tired after the eighth encore and descended from such delightfully energetic songs as *Charleston, Charleston*! (pronounced Shar-les-ton) to pieces like *Solamente una vez* (*y nada mas*). They were replaced by a "comic" turn, consisting of an old man with a gouty foot, a beautiful girl (the dancer from the "Yucatàn"), and the m.c. as stooge. The stooge took rapturous swipes at the old man and fell on the ground. He dropped lighted cigarettes down the front of his trousers, and I wished he hadn't. After a few more hilarious japes of this nature I glanced over at my wife. She was looking thoughtful. A tight-rope walker appeared.

Unfortunately I missed much of this act because at that moment my attention was distracted by the smell of burning. I looked down; some small children scrambled through my legs and vanished under the row in front; the singeing smell ceased, and I never discovered what caused it. When I got back home, however, I did find a suspicious-looking mark on the turn-up of my right trouser-leg.

We were now in for *"La mejor combinacion bailable,"* three Apache dancers from Puerto Rico. I hadn't known they had Apaches in Puerto Rico but long may they flourish if they all resemble the two comely maidens who formed part of this act. The pianist-conductor became frenetic. The thing ended in an operatic holocaust, to the veritable mashing of the mambo drum, with all protagonists knifed or strangled.

HERE, I am glad to say, Willie Chevalier intervened with a felicitious announcement of next week's attraction—*El Show del Terror, Espectaculo Macabro.* TERROR! MIEDO! MISTERIO! As stars of this diversion he announced Dracula, *"Don Carlos de la Muerte,"* Frankenstein (en persona, of course), and Fu Manchu. Apparently we were also to be able to see a crime museum on the stage (*Nota: si Usted padece del corazon no vea este expecta-*



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culo), a flying woman, and a lady sliced into three pieces. All this, euphemized as *Illusionismo Moderno.*

Once more the curtain went up and I braced myself for La de Dinamarca, whoever she might be—by this time I merely trusted she would appear in one piece. The stage was occupied by a well-heeled comedian nursing a baby doll and singing *Sonny Boy*. He kidded the song, taking a dig at the baby's face in the sentimental parts, powdering it between the legs with Ajax, nailing on its diaper, and so forth. This gentleman was called Myles and when his song was over he announced La de Dinamarca. Out of the wings and up to the mike to thunderous applause stalked Christine Jorgensen.

She was wearing a bouffant, black sequined evening gown—by Dior, according to her account—a tiara, long yellow gloves, and a yellow sash across her shoulders. She sang in a professionally husky voice. The song was all about friendliness. The general impression was of a winsome, lonely girl longing for company.

Myles proceeded to ask questions. "There's something we're all wanting to know, Christine." "Yes, Myles, what *is it?*" "Now I don't want to ask you any questions you don't want to answer, Christine." "I've told you, Myles, you can ask me anything." And so on. The question, when it came, concerned the Brooklyn Dodgers. Another question Myles asked was: "Christine, will you ever hear the pitter-patter of tiny feet about your house?" La de Dinamarca confessed that that certainly raised a problem. What problem? Why, what would she do if one of her children were to ask her, "Mother, tell me about your boyhood?" She then sang again. *Venga la mano, muchachos!* So far Miss Jorgensen had spoken in English; now she read out a brief, evasive account of her change of sex in Spanish. I didn't get all of it, nor did I try to. But *Venga la mano, muchachos!* it was again.

Curtain. Crescendo of clarinets. We sloped out. Outside, in the darkness beside the theater, I discerned a large oil painting, somewhat resembling a cockeyed De Kooning, and showing a blonde in the grip of some monster. I recognized what was clearly meant to be our forthcoming attraction, *Songo, El Gorilla Diabolico.* In a nearby window there were two signs. One read, "Holy Mary 2nd floor": the other, "Regular Operator Soft Dolls Steady."

Behind me I could hear the light of my life protesting in florid Castilian to the manager that we had not seen Jesus Christ. "Aint you seen enough?" he said, shifting his cigar. "Go buy a hoop, lady."

•

[*The drawings accompanying Mr. Wagner's article are by his wife, Coleen Browning.*]

Stone Grotesques

A Fable finds William Faulkner at the critical point in his career when his ideas and themes, striving desperately to open out come into conflict with his style which has been for several years closing in, rigidifying. There is something terrifying about the present furious immobility of his writing—so much rage and so little motion! One is reminded of the children's game in which at a given signal the players who have been mugging and writhing freeze into whatever contortions they have attained; a moment before there has been violent action, a moment later there will be laughter, but for one instant they are grotesques of stone. "Statues," the game is called; and just so Faulkner's rhetoric seems to me now a statue of what it once was, its passion turned to stone. There are no new flaws: the pronouns without reference set straight by an impatient parenthesis; the constant straining of meaning as if the dictionary were a conspiracy in restraint of trade; the syntax abandoned like a world well lost; the compulsive words, "aghast" "endure"—returning like the rimes of a sestina—all these have been a part of his style since *Absolam, Absolam*; and if they seem now devices or even tics, it is because they are *stranded* in all their absurdity like the trash carried by a flood and deposited in the mud when the waters have gone down.

A Fable, by William Faulkner (Random House; $4.75).

It is not merely a matter of time, of the natural tendency of any rhetoric to turn into its own parody, but of Faulkner's having surrendered on *principle* the two main motions of his earlier books: the accumulation of horror to the point of nausea, sustained by the sense that nausea is a moral attitude; and the circular, tortured progress toward the Secret, the revelation of hidden guilt. Either of these motivations has sufficed in the past to save Faulkner from the static tendencies of his style and his confirmed inability to move plot forward in any ordinary way—the former alone in *Sanctuary,* for instance, the latter in the popularizing detective stories involving Gavin Stevens; but the two have usually worked in concert, as in *As I Lay Dying* and *A Rose for Emily*, where the final nausea and the final disclosure are simultaneous and indistinguishable.

But Faulkner apparently wants now to disclose not the secret of guilt but that of innocence, not the ultimate revulsion before the world's horror, but the acceptance which transcends it. Driven on the one hand by a desire to live up to his status as our greatest living writer, and on the other, by a growing religiosity, he insists upon making explicit the sentimental, Protestant ethos that has always informed his writing. There is something especially appealing in Faulkner's willingness to accept (against his own temperamental reluctance) the public role his tortured talent has forced upon him, and to translate that role back into his work itself. In *A Fable*, which is a political book as well as a religious one, he takes it upon himself to be "our" plenipotentiary, to deliver for America, for the people and for the democratic principle which gives meaning and weight to the people, a manifesto which is also a poem on war and peace.

On the face of it, it is hard to imagine anyone ideologically less qualified for the job; for politically Faulkner is, I suppose, our most naïve, certainly our least informed novelist. And yet—precisely the "GI" nature of his political notions, the fact that no one of them is different from the paranoid fantasies of the man in the street—a southern street, of course (not the newspaper-learned patriotic phrases the citizen parrots, but the disingenuous cynicisms he confides to his buddies once in the barracks), gives to them a special pathos; and once dressed in the most un-GI of rhetorics, a special irony.

A Fable deals with the temporary stopping of an entire war when a single regiment refuses to make an attack to

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which it is ordered; and of the manoeuverings of the generals on both sides to get the slaughter going again, before the men in the ranks realize finally their power to stop this war, all wars, war itself whenever they choose. There is even a scene where the enemy generals (each the ultimate stereotype of his nationality, transported from the darkest mass mind to the printed page without the loss of an eyelash) sit about a single table in nefarious conclave. It is all out of the Poor Man's Dictionary of Received Ideas (which is to say, out of the letter column in the *Daily News*): War as the product of the Munitions Makers, the Politicians, the Brass—some postulated Other, whose absolute guilt makes the People absolutely innocent, always the Victims of a Conspiracy.

And it fits into a total conspectus of civilization out of Science Fiction: "this war" seen as a part of the long process of our enslavement by vast, semi-intelligent machines for combat which must drive toward the holocaust that will destroy the entire earth; though meanwhile, man will have ensured his continuance by rocketing through space to the stars. This is "fable" enough, the truest (because quite unconscious) myth which underlies the book; but it is not the legend to which the title points, being understood rather as "history," and "this war" itself identified with the First World War.

As a history of the War of 1914-19, *A Fable* is strangely expurgated; Russia for example does not exist, its very name unrecorded, and the Revolution never referred to, though it was long accomplished by the time of the novel's action, and, indeed, motivated the actual mutinies which perhaps suggested the story. No, Faulkner's war is that pure legendary war between Germany and the Allies, "The War" of the sentimental-pacifist literature of the twenties, "The War", of course, of some of Faulkner's own early stories, his other mythical theme beside the South. Indeed, there is in 1954 something almost absurdly old-fashioned about *A Fable*, with its concluding warning that the epitaphs of man are: "They shall not pass. My country right or wrong . . ." Surely, one thinks, this must have been written sometime between *The Enormous Room* and *All Quiet on the Western Front*—before a second World War had betrayed the stereotypes we thought eternal; and the emergence of Hitler and Stalin made the comforting fantasies of a conspiracy of the Brass viable only to the backwoods mind.

But a book can triumph over its politics; it is by its imposition of reality, by the conviction of its symbols that it finally stands or falls. And the fate of his fiction Faulkner confides to the archetype his title declares: a reliving of Christ's passion inside of this pseudo-history, through the seven days which give to the book whatever pattern it finally has. The initial mutiny is led by a group of thirteen men, who follow a corporal born in a stable on Christmas Day, etc., etc. The gospel parallels are made with somewhat annoying pointedness, but the Corporal-Christus they are intended to illuminate never quite makes it into the spotlight they focus for him. Through most of the book, Faulkner, shifting point of view in his accustomed style, lets us see all around the Leader of the Twelve, without ever directly introducing him onto the scene; but when he can resist no longer, he is able to show us only a somewhat surly and illiterate peasant, suspicious of ritual and without rhetoric, who we are loath to believe could have led the mutiny much less be the representative of Christ.

This churl who is intended to be the center of the book's affirmation of faith in man Faulkner can give no positive lines, making him finally Christ as the spirit who denies and thus endures, the most negative of all literary Christs—as he is also the most naturalistic: the Son of Man but not the Son of God. Faulkner's faith is, like his politics, a case of Hamlet without the Prince; as his First World War exists without the Russian Revolution, his Religion survives without God.

And insofar as his story is not merely a reliving of the Christ Pattern but a reinterpretation of the Bible story, it is disconcertingly without mystery or miracle; saved only by the figure of the Old Marshal, who is Commander of the Allied Armies, chief enemy of the peace, condemner of the Christ to death, but also (and here is the one real ingenuity of the re-telling) Christ's actual father.

In Faulkner's condensed fable, the Marshal plays finally the combined roles of the Devil as Tempter, Pilate as Judge, and Caesar as the Prince of this World; and if there is a God, the book mockingly (unintentionally?) suggests, he can only be this father image: Satan—Caesar—Pilate—the Enemy of all as the father of what alone can destroy him.

The generalissimo is fundamentally, of course, a stereotype among stereotypes, the very essence of that imagined Insider, whom the GI dreams as the controller of his destiny; but he is a stereotype raised to the level of the demonic and hence of poetry.

Christ the Corporal, however, does not exist even in this sense; indeed, though the title of the book declares him at its center, he seems finally a supernumerary, an intruder in the story Faulkner must always write, whatever he intends to set down. For there is a rival savior in the book, a more adequate mouthpiece for Faulkner's back-country, sentimental, unchurched Faith: The Reverend Tobe Sutterfield, an old Negro who has wandered into battle-ridden France, or rather has been insolently introjected into it by Faulkner out of his old books and his compulsive concerns, a self-appointed savior of men, who has helped steal a race horse, and is called by the French "Tooly-man," which is to say *tout le monde*. Here is a real rather than a literary Christ, a Christ adequate to Faulkner's obsessions rather than his ambitions; and where the Negro touches the book it comes most alive; for it is the Negro who must save Faulkner, whoever else is to be the savior of the rest of us.

Elsewhere the book remains static, unmoving and unmoved, except where flashes of the old violence and disgust break through the planned affirmation (a scene for instance, which begins with a platoon scrabbling among the decaying dead for the Unknown Soldier, and ends with their trading his corpse to a half-mad old woman for some bottles of brandy; or another, where three Americans, yokel, gangster and Negro queer, attempt to shoot a reluctant French general in the face); for finally, nausea is to Faulkner the supreme moral attitude, and where he does not betray it in the name of "affirmation" or "faith in man," he is most himself—and still the greatest writer among us.

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

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Hitler's Germany and its Army

The Observations of an Ex-Nazi and an Exile

I.

Two of the biggest current successes in Germany are Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and James Jones' *From Here to Eternity,* especially the movie that was made from the latter. This is no accident, because one of the after-effects of two world wars is a general war weariness among large segments of the German people. Most of them are fed up with playing soldier, particularly those who were in the thick of the fighting during World War II. It is interesting to note that the German Veterans' Organization has only 200,000 members out of an estimated 20 million that served in the Wehrmacht.

08-15, by Hans Hellmut Kirst (Munich: Kurt Desch Verlag).

And now a German novel has been published in the Federal Republic that is extremely critical of the time-honored Prussian military system. Compared to the two American books mentioned above, the German novel is tame and well-mannered, and it has none of the sting and mordant irony that distinguished Erich Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front.* Nevertheless, Hans Hellmut Kirst's novel *Zero-Eight Fifteen* is the first literary work of the postwar period that has created a violent controversy. At the same time the book has become a best-seller, and its success is now spreading to Austria and Switzerland.

Zero-Eight Fifteen, or *08-15,* is a symbolic term taken from the German soldiers' lingo. It means all manner of things, and encompasses the full gamut of a soldier's contempt for all things military, from "Snafu" to "It stinks to heaven." Kirst's work is a novel of protest. It is set in 1938, prior to the outbreak of World War II, and deals exclusively with life in the German military barracks and camps.

Kirst himself was a National Socialist, a kind of political commissar assigned to the army. In 1945, when Germany collapsed, he finally saw the light. He has put it as follows:

> In 1933, I was 18 years old, and a stupid kid. In 1945, I was 31 years old and not much brighter, but virtually an old man. It was only then that I started to ponder over everything that had happened, and suddenly I had the feeling that I must have cut a rather comical figure.

At the basis of Kirst's attack is ten years of service in Hitler's army. As he has said in a letter to his German publisher, Kurt Desch of Munich, his wrath is directed against the nightmare of the barracks—not only Hitler's barracks but the entire Prussian military system the way it has existed for half a century.

With a good deal of sophistication and humor Kirst describes the brutual and hypocritical tyranny of the German non-coms, and the revolt of a soldier who gradually becomes aware of a vicious system. The novel's subtitle is *The Adventurous Revolt of Private Asch.* Asch, though on a smaller intellectual and moral scale, may be likened to Jaroslav Hasek's immortal *The Good Soldier Schweik.* In his indefatigable struggle against the infamous chicanery of his immediate superiors and the stubborn stupidity of the higher brass, Asch typifies the indignation of the average German soldier who sees himself abused by a military machine that has become an end in itself.

Although Kirst, who quite frankly discusses his disillusionment with Hitler in this book, conducts himself as a comparatively tame rebel, his ideas have found a jubilant echo among his compatriots. The countless letters and reviews (the novel was first serialized in one of the leading German illustrated periodicals and is currently published by one of the largest newspapers in Switzerland) are all written in the same tenor which may be summed up as follows: "You're right—that's exactly the way it happened."

On the other hand, it gives one cause to wonder that the novel has also provoked a storm of portest which, curiously enough, extend to the inner circles of the Bonn Government, where there is obvious apprehension that Kirst's book may have an unfavorable influence on the temper of the German people with regard to their participation in the European Defense Community.

Since the new German army is supposed not to be an instrument of revenge but a democratic army formed exclusively for defensive purposes, certain democratic papers have come out against the condemnation of the book and reproach the government for shooting at the wrong target. Even if Kirst's book criticizes German garrison life of the past it is basically anti-militaristic, they point out. They call attention to the statement of President Theodor Heuss who said that "universal military service is a legitimate offspring of democracy and should not be confused with militarism *per se,* or discarded along with it."

A recent public opinion poll taken among German youth showed that 71 percent of those between 15 and 24 years of age answered "No" to the question whether they favored the draft, and only 28 percent expressed their willingness to go along. Therefore, it is felt among the numerous democratically-minded sponsors of military service that the Federal government was ill-advised when it joined the protests that under-cover Nazis and fanatical militarists have launched against Kirst's novel.

MANFRED GEORGE

II.

A Time to Love and a Time to Die, Erich Maria Remarque's latest novel, will be liked by most Germans. That is saying a good deal, for his other anti-Nazi novels, *Spark of Life* and *Arch of Triumph,* were not liked there. All three deal with war and war crimes guilt, and Germans, perhaps humanly, shy from breast-beating. His latest book, however, not only re-establishes Remarque as an artist, but also demonstrates to the post-war German that he understands the land of his birth.

A Time to Love and a Time to Die, by Erich Maria Remarque (Harcourt; $3.95).

Remarque proved himself a staunch anti-Nazi in his earlier books. In *A Time to Love and a Time to Die,* even his SS-men live and breathe, are rounded and, what is most important, motivated. They are never butchers pure and sim-

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ple, but human beings who happen to be butchers.

"It's strange," says one of the novel's characters, an escaped Jewish concentration camp inmate. "One's likely to assume that a murderer must always and everywhere be a murderer and nothing else." That is an assumption which Remarque overcomes in this latest novel. SA-Commander Alfons Binding, a former schoolmate of the novel's hero Ernst Graeber, is "a harmless good-natured man" in private life, yet finds tales of concentration camp screamingly funny. In the words of the escaped Jew, "it's quite enough if he's a murderer only now and again and with a small part of his being—it's enough to cause horrible suffering." Private Graeber agrees. "A hyena is always a hyena," he answers. "A human being is more various."

How Graeber recognizes the horror of Nazism and co-existence with it, forms the book. A youthful, non-political German soldier on the Russian front, he returns to Germany on a three-week leave, finding there chaos, conscience and a wife. The chaos and the conscience are vastly more interesting believeable than is the rather *wildromantische* love affair he has with Elisabeth Kruse as they lie abed and discuss war guilt and the shame of plunder. But she, as does each character, contributes to his awakening. Her father's incarceration jeopardizes her position, has given her a Nazi-assigned lodger, a Party-informer who engages in ritualistic Nazi mumbo-jumbo before a Fuehrer's portrait in the bedroom. Others in the book—Pohlmann, Graeber's religious teacher, and the escaped Jew—assist the rebirth of the moral man. Steinbrenner, a youthful Party fanatic who serves as an SS-spy in Graeber's front-line company, assists as well. In him Graeber sees the end-product of Nazi education—Steinbrenner's sport of raping and shooting pretty female hostages, his childish glee at cruelty, and his "highest ambition" to mate and breed in strict accordance with the gobbledygook of Nazi racial experts. A non-political Graeber returns to the Russian front hating the thing he fights for. This is his glory and his tragedy.

The escaped Jew, symbol of humanity on the rack, asks: "You are going back to the front?" The soldier answers, "Yes, back to fight so that the criminals who are hunting you can remain in power a while longer . . . How you must despise us!" But the Jew does not hate, for there are Germans in *this* Remarque novel who hide him at the risk of their lives. Like Graeber, they recognize the shame and horror of the Germany in which a Hitler reigns.

That there were many such Germans is undoubtedly true. That there are a great deal more of them today than was apparent during the war is similarly so. Not all "saw through" the Nazi Party long ago, rejecting it and staying to serve only because of SS-terror. Seeing through the Party now, after war and post-war recovery, most Germans will like identification with Ernst Graeber and will like Remarque for giving them a national ideal.

Each nation has its own ideal. Ours in America, expressed in novels, is various. Often, on occasions of danger, we invoke, with a *soupçon* of piousness, the vision of Our Forefathers, those rugged, individualistic frontiersmen whom we little resemble today. Occasionally, we hail the vision-filled, dynamic captain of industry or the purposeful and dedicated protector—or violator—of law and order.

Discarding his Nazi ideal, the German today transforms himself Mitty-like into Ernst Graebers, men who fought on with a sort of pained and melancholy helplessness, romantically caught in a totalitarian net yearning as Graeber does for love and for respect in some far-off and yet unknown never-never-land of dreams.

Recognizing himself in Graeber and finding again Remarque the artist who once long ago wrote something called *All Quiet On The Western Front,* the Germans should accept this book. It is, after all, a sugar-coated anti-Nazi pill.

WALTER HENRY NELSON

Notes on the Critics

GEOFFREY WAGNER is a poet, novelist, and frequent contributor of criticism to American magazines. LESLIE FIEDLER is on the English faculty of the University of Montana. He also teaches in the School of Letters of Indiana University. MANFRED GEORGE is the editor of *Aufbau,* a German-language weekly published in New York. WALTER HENRY NELSON is on the staff of Crusade for Europe. WALTER GOODMAN writes frequently on radio and television.

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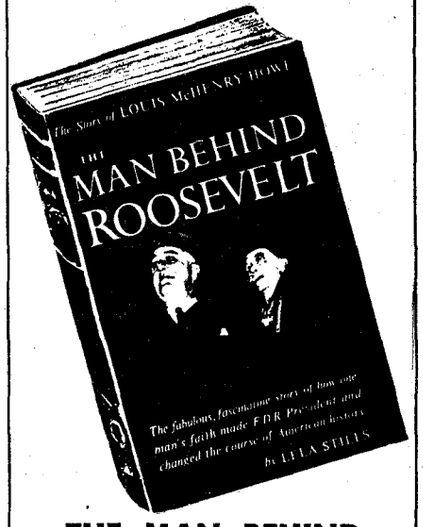

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TELEVISION

THE very first official act of the six Senators rounded up to pass judgment on their colleague from Wisconsin was to rule that TV audiences will not have the privilege of watching as the momentous charges are made, denied, affirmed, refuted.

About a week before this quick decision to bar TV cameras was announced, a Senate Rules Subcommittee heard spokesmen for the television networks testify on three resolutions now being considered by that body: (1) to ban TV from all Senate hearings whatsoever; (2) to prohibit commercial sponsorship of such telecasts; (3) to give witnesses the option of not sitting for the cameramen.

The growing Senatorial TV consciousness, which appeared first during the Kefauver hearings and reached oppressive prominence with the 36-day McCarthy-Army smash, seems now to have hardened into an obsession. The dignity of the Senate is at stake. TV is bent on undermining this dignity. Steps must be taken!

The network executives meanwhile are miscast in the unfamiliar role of describing what an ineffectual medium TV really is. In an attempt to reassure the Senators, an American Broadcasting Company official likened it to a seismograph which "does not cause the earthquake; it merely records it."

This self-abasement would be better merited on almost any other score. A Gallup Poll taken toward the close of the Army-McCarthy long-run offering found that almost half of the non-TV watchers interviewed had no opinion on whether "McCarthy and Cohn used improper means in trying to get preferred treatment for Pvt. G. David Schine." Ninety percent of those who followed the affair with some regularity via their sets expressed themselves one way or the other. Even if we assume that most of those who were interested enough to watch the proceedings on television would have been interested enough to get the facts anyway, this seems like a significant achievement of the medium.

A better analogy with the operations of television than the seismograph might be the X-ray machine. The X-ray does not *cause* the affliction which it exposes, but it can have a marked effect on it, for better or worse. So with television. At the same time that it is bringing the circus into the living room, it is altering it. With the glittering lens of a TV camera following his every move, a Senator is under considerable temptation to exhibit certain talents which remain hidden under a bushel in executive sessions—for better or worse.

At least the six Senators charged with the awesome job of investigating McCarthy are pretty sure it will be for the worse. Their reluctance to put on a vaudeville show implies that they are aware of their susceptibility to the blandishments of the camera, that they just can't hold themselves back once they know they're in nation-wide focus.

What really seems to be worrying this new committee is that the last Big Show got such bad press reviews. None of the politicians—on either side of Chairman Mundt or on either side of the table—emerged from the ordeal with his prestige enhanced—as Kefauver did from his public encounters with Costello and Co. After a week or two the exchanges began to sour, the statements of principle to ring a little false. Perhaps the same intimacy with the mighty was at work which turns reporters to cynics or perhaps it was just some devastatingly revealing quality of visual drama. Or perhaps, as with the X-ray machine, the viewer was simply able to see things that one can't see with the naked eye.

The Administration, under Robert Montgomery's tutelage, has learned something of this. Just as FDR brought a new personality to heard speechmaking, so Eisenhower and Nixon have found a model for *seen* speechmaking. This desperately sincere, boy-next-door delivery has its dangers—demagogues can use it as well as anyone—but the reasons why it is successful are essentially the reasons why the investigative personalities didn't come off too well this spring. A man is inclined to be particular about whom he'll welcome into his living room—and for how long.

The networks' concern over the possibility that they may be barred from future hearings is at first glance unexpected. From the reluctant coverage accorded the last show by CBS and NBC, which couldn't afford to drop their soap operas for five whole weeks, one might expect them to rest silent and content while the Senate makes sure they will not again be placed in such a predicament. ABC which spent half a million dollars on televising the whole Army-McCarthy business in its underdog fight for listeners, might be expected to be less than enthusiastic about going through this kind of thing once more. But possibly the TV giants have thought over some of the long-range implications of being barred from committee hearing rooms and have decided that now is the time to set the precedent. And of course it is.

As for the three proposed Senate rules, giving witnesses the right to refuse to be photographed while testifying seems only in accord with protecting them from a cruel and unusual punishment; assuming that commercials would be handled with the advertising agencies' usual good taste, the Senate is justified in showing some qualms about the threat to its dignity from this quarter.

But if those who have been berating television for its languid public service broadcasting now obstruct it from taking the plunge into on-the-spot reporting of national affairs, network planners may lose what little enthusiasm they have so far been able to scrape together for venturing from the plush *I Love Lucy* world. There is, admittedly, a real danger that the TV viewer, having cut his teeth on such highly spiced delicacies as Costello and McCarthy, may retain no palate for subtler foods . . . but this is only an academic worry until TV becomes interested in subtle menus. Some curbs are in order, but a flat prohibition is hardly a considered approach to the problem of controlling—not choking—the medium; it smacks more of surrender than solution.

The oft espoused and nationally revered dignity of the Senate may suffer as the ham emerges in response to the camera's grinding. But their representatives' antics could prove enlightening as well as amusing to voters. In any case, the burden of maintaining its dignity in the face of such a temptation surely belongs to the Senators themselves; TV has enough trouble with its own dignity.

WALTER GOODMAN

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CORRESPONDENCE

► A Myth Exploded

Southern politicians have always claimed that Southern Negroes preferred racial segregation.

In line with this train of thought Governor Hugh L. White recently called a state-wide meeting of Negro leaders in order to get them to endorse a plan to voluntarily continue racial segregation in the public schools.

One hundred Negroes met with the Governor. Out of that number exactly *one* Negro spoke up in support of permanent segregation. The overwhelming majority passed a resolution requesting the Governor to begin racial integration in the schools as soon as possible. The white people of Mississippi were stunned by their action. Just goes to show you the truth of the old saying: "If you tell a lie long enough you'll end up believing it yourself."

BUFORD W. POSEY

Philadelphia, Miss.

Sen. A. Willis Robertson (D, Va.) told Roanoke Kiwanians recently that "the majority" of Virginia Negroes "would have favored having their own schools if the facilities were equal"—if they had had the chance to vote on the issue.

THE EDITORS

► Streit and Federal Union

It seems incredible that a liberal newspaper could publish so fantastic a criticism of a great book as Bernard E. Brown's review of *Freedom Against Itself*. Mr. Brown and *New Republic* do not have to agree with Mr. Streit in order to review his book. Streit's own magazine, *Freedom & Union*, published a most unflattering review of *Freedom Against Itself* by Felix Morley. But Mr. Morley did not stoop to mendacity and speciousness as do Mr. Brown and the *New Republic*.

Specifically, for example, Mr. Brown says, "War is caused by the rivalry of national sovereignties; it is obvious that the Soviet Union would never consent to enter a federal union it did not control; then, we must add, is it not apparent that nuclear war is mankind's inexorable fate?"

When Mr. Brown speaks of the Soviet Union he apparently means that country's present government. Obviously the Kremlin would not enter a federal union such as that proposed by Mr. Streit. It is equally obvious, however, that the Kremlin *could* not enter such a union. Mr. Streit proposes a union of free people. Next, war is not "caused by the rivalries of national sovereignties." Such rivalry may contribute to cause a war but it does not, of itself, cause war. Nor is it apparent "that nuclear war is mankind's inexorable fate" if Mr. Streit's proposal is adopted. That fate Mr. Streit is trying to prevent. . . .

Mr. Streit's proposal is not for "an 'association' of free nations." The free *nation* is not the basis of his proposition. The free man, the free individual, is the unit upon which his plan is founded. Freedom of the individual is the issue. His plan cannot be adopted except by the free affirmative vote of a majority of the electorate.

FREDERICK D. POWERS,
US Navy (Ret.)

Imperial Beach, Cal.

► Charge and Counter-charge

Willard Shelton does not indicate why he thinks I should have made some "show of intimidation" because of complete and unadulterated falsehoods—however great the volume. (*New Republic* July 19).

If someone made some two dozen unfounded and completely false charges against Mr. Shelton's morals or honesty in business dealings and gave them the widest circulation throughout the country, would Mr. Shelton remain free of "tigerish wrath"?

PAUL CROUCH

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Crouch enclosed with the brief letter above a 12-page single-spaced mimeographed document giving impassioned answers to some 25 allegations he says have been publicized in a "conspiracy" against him. (Some very serious allegations, incidentally, he notably overlooks.)

The issue, I think, is fundamentally that most Americans are inclined to be skeptical about career informers, whose addiction to secret-lodge operations continues long after they have broken with the Communist Party. Thus Mr. Crouch is a member of that odd-bird organization, The Christianform, which derived even its type of name from an obsession about the Soviet-controlled Cominform.

It is this distinctly American skepticism, I suggest to him, rather than some foul "conspiracy" that accounts for the "study" being made whether his reliability is really total. May I again emphasize that among the alleged "conspirators" he now includes not only Drew Pearson and the Alsop brothers, but also Attorney-General Brownell and Deputy William P. Rogers?

WILLARD SHELTON

Washington, D. C.

► Deputy Majority Leader

The photograph of Senator Lyindown Johnson and Senator Knowland in firm handclasp (*NR*, Aug. 9) tells more than ten thousand words. The Minority Leader's co-operation with the Californian—on the UN Issue, the multi-billion dollar atom power giveaway, the Flanders censure motion on McCarthy, etc. —has been so good that Knowland should pin a badge on Johnson marked Deputy Majority Leader. It could depict a doublecross rampant on a herd of elephants.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

► A Rebuke to Modesty

July 5, page 2, col. 1—"For reasons which we shall never comprehend. . . ."

Col 2—"Some things we never shall understand!"

Page 9—"I confess I was not prepared. . . ."

Page 10—"What this stacks up to I don't know."

Tut tut! Or words to that effect. Four times in one issue. This is not what we expect of our Old Infallible.

New York City G. W. BARNES

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LABELING OF PACKAGES CONTAINING FOREIGN-PRODUCED TROUT

(Excerpts from The Congressional Record—*House, August 10, 1954)*

Mr. O'HARA of Minnesota. Mr. Speaker, I move that the House resolve itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the consideration of the bill (S. 2033) relating to the labeling of packages containing foreign-produced trout sold in the United States, and requiring certain information to appear on the menus of public eating places serving such trout.

Mr. SMITH of Virginia. I have been puzzled to know how you are going to tell the difference . . . between the fish that is spawned in the United States and one that is spawned, say, in Canada, a trout now? How can you tell if you eat them?

Mr. ROGERS of Florida. There is some difference in the flavor. It is just like ham. I am sure the gentleman would like to get Virginia ham in this bill.

Mr. SMITH of Virginia. I just do not see how a restaurant dealer or a customer eating in a restaurant is going to know the difference between a trout born in Canada and one born in New York.

Mr. ROGERS of Florida. I do not think the purpose is to get the birth certificate of any fish, as far as that is concerned.

Mr. ROONEY. I should like to propound a question of the gentleman: A Danish trout finds himself in American waters where he meets and admires a lovely American trout. Subsequently we find a number of little trout swimming around both of them. How would the restaurant keeper label these little trout when they become of age?

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. HIESTAND. I yield to the gentleman from New York.

Mr. CELLER. Suppose Hamburg Joe, having a snack bar, buys fish in the fish market and he gets his Danish trout mixed up with his Wyoming trout and he prepares a Danish trout for a customer in his place who asked for Idaho or Wyoming trout; he could be subject to all those penalties, is that correct?

Mr. ROGERS of Florida. Mr. Chairman, I yield five minutes to the gentleman from New York (Mr. Celler).

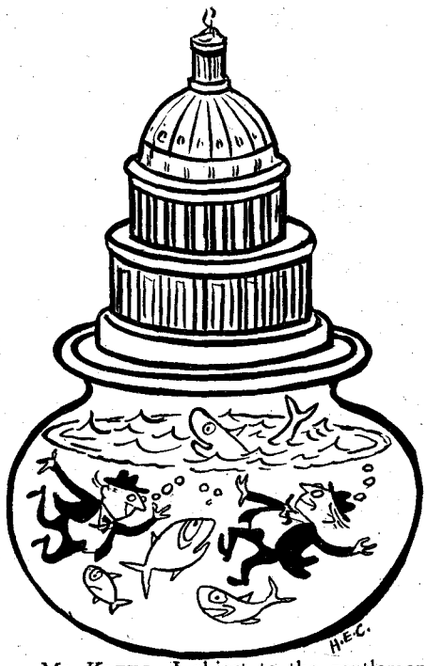
Mr. CELLER. Mr. Chairman, . . .

I would like to know what would happen to a restauranteur who has fish chowder every Friday and who puts Danish trout in the fish chowder. Would he have to say conspicuously to the customers, "This fish chowder contains alien, un-American trout?" And what about gefüllte fish? Gefüllte fish is a round ball of fish containing many different kinds of fish. Suppose a restaurant man making the gefüllte fish includes some Canadian trout, must he put a label on that fish ball, "This ball contains a quantity of Canadian trout?"

Mr. O'HARA of Minnesota. On the point of gefüllte fish, let me say to the gentleman I have tried it. I will leave it up to the gentleman to write his own rules and regulations.

Mr. KLEIN. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. CELLER. I yield to the gentleman from New York.



Mr. KLEIN. I object to the gentleman from New York making the gentleman from Minnesota an expert on gefüllte fish.

Mr. CELLER. In view of the fact that this will be an opening wedge and other fish hatcheries and other producers of food who might want their food properly labeled or the food alien to the product labeled, why, I can well imagine that you would go into a restaurant and the menu sign on the wall would say . . . "This hamburger contains Bermuda onions and Argentine beef," or "This soup contains Irish potatoes, German beets, Holland leeks."

Mr. VORYS. I got to thinking that if we required American trout to be labeled, we might get into trouble on Danish pastry.

Mr. NICHOLSON. Everybody knows that Danish pastry is made in this country.

Mr. VORYS. That is the point I am making. Danish pastry is not made in Denmark. French pastry is made in the United States. We make wonderful Swiss cheese in Ohio. Spanish onions do not come from Spain. . . . Then we come to Virginia ham, and New York sirloin, and Idaho potatoes.

Mr. HOFFMAN of Michigan. Vermont turkey, too.

Mr. BROOKS of Louisiana. Mr. Chairman, before this bill is passed, I want to make the observation, if we are going to embark on a program of labeling imported edibles which are sold in restaurants and cafes and eating places in the United States, I should like to see the great committee from which this bill came consider the matter of such items as imported sugar. Our people in Louisiana. . . .

The SPEAKER. The question is on the passage of the bill.

The bill was passed.

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